



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 27 – Number 11

March 2010

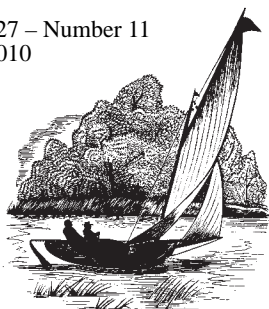
Special Features This Issue
“Blow KoKo Blow, or Not!”
“A Short Single-Handed Cruise”
“Logjams and Beaver Dams”
“The Perfect Canoe” – “My Most Used Wooden Kayak”



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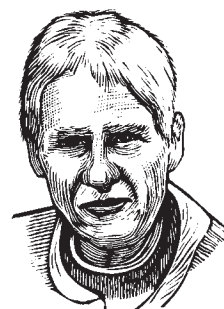
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2 – *Messing About in Boats*, March 2010

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



One of the club newsletters that comes my way picked up a copyrighted Associated Press article from last October about the way in which wannabe adventurers (of all genre) are getting way in over their heads out there and lighting up their ePRIBs for rescue. Its title was, "Tired? Got an ePIRB? Rescuers Fear Yuppie 911." I'd like to reprint it for you but cannot justify the copyright fee to do so.

I can tell you that it describes several scenarios wherein people "are exploring terrain who do not have the experience, knowledge, or endurance required to tackle." The discussion revolves around how rescue services are getting called out into difficult, sometime dangerous situations to "pull somebody's butt out of someplace they shouldn't have gone into in the first place." Compounding the thoughtlessness is the perceived nature of the danger, sometimes as innocuous as being, "I'm cold and damp, come get me out."

While these examples were from land-based adventuring (Grand Canyon scale stuff), it surely happens afloat. Another publication with which I exchange subscriptions is *Soundings*, focused on consumer boating. While it usually isn't talking to my level of boating, it does have some interesting stuff in it relevant to all sorts of boating. I find the horror stories of accidents and disasters afloat and the summary of Coast Guard rescue efforts they publish quite fascinating. Can't help being curious to learn how and why these people in trouble got into it and how much effort and expense, and sometimes danger for the rescuers, it took to save some of them (or not save in some cases, despite all efforts).

Rescuing people in trouble on land or sea is one of society's services that we collectively pay for with our taxes, be it locally in town with police and firemen or nationally with, in boating's case, the Coast Guard. The complaint voiced in the referenced article is that technology has made possible calling for help instantaneous, even in the most remote places. And the definition of "help" for some of those enticed by this safety net into undertaking adventures way beyond their own personal capabilities refers too often to trivial inconveniences. Those who would never go out there relying solely on their own abilities now think nothing of doing so, for they can be rescued if it gets too challenging or even just uncomfortable. Rescue is just "a phone call away."

In little old New England our White Mountains (what "mountains" ask visitors from Big Sky country) attract hikers who attempt climbing these 5,000' mountains in winter. Mount Washington, despite its 6,000+ altitude, has some of the worst weather in the nation in winter. Every winter local volunteer rescuers together with local town and state officials have to go up there in dangerous conditions to save those who do not return when expected by family or friends. This has been costly and sometimes life threatening for the rescuers. They finally decided that henceforth anyone undertaking this sort of foolish adventuring would have to pay for the costs of their rescue.

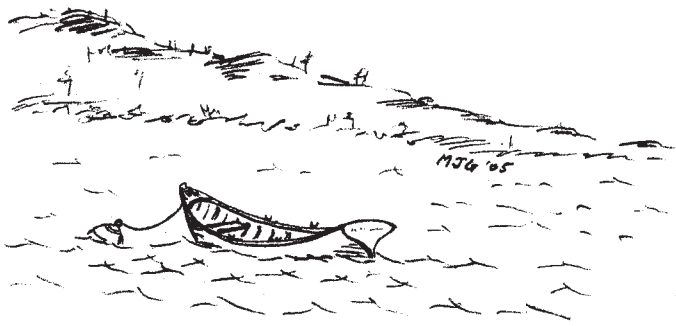
In our boating game the sorts who get into trouble range from the cutting edge types who undertake to row across the ocean or sail away in an 8' boat, to the weekenders who don't know how to operate their boats, do not know the hazards in the waters in which they cruise, or bother to learn about charts, rules of the road, etc. The GPS has aided in encouraging this lack of learning. But then we hear of the boater so busy looking at his GPS that he runs into someone or something.

The "freedom of the seas" which we enjoy is a major attraction for us and I do not suggest that somehow we be checked out to see if we are capable of undertaking every outing we choose before being permitted to go. I do not know if the knowledge that there would be a bill come due for any rescue summoned would deter the irresponsible. Nor do I know how the nature of the rescue would be sorted out as whether it was truly an emergency befalling someone victim of an accident or just needed because of foolishness and thoughtlessness.

The complaint of those who have to go to the aid of those in trouble through foolishness or carelessness comes right up against a population-wide attitude held by many in all human affairs today, that being that it's OK to take a risk (physically, financially, anyway at all) as I will be bailed out if things go wrong. Our current economy is in tatters because of this. Something I have learned out here beyond the mainstream of American life is that self-reliance is a fading concept, that one who lives his life with due prudence in order to be able to take care of himself is a being made a fool, that those who don't exercise such due care in their affairs will get bailed out of their troubles by society.

On the Cover...

There was lotsa wind and sailors, too, at the annual Kokopelli desert sailing gathering last fall in Utah. Jim Thayer and friends tell us all about it, with lotsa pictures, too, in this issue.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

From the south end of Chapman Pond, a tidal estuary wends a mile through the marshes before reconnecting to the river. Five feet of water run through here at low tide, and the stream spreads forty feet wide. At high tide, another two feet of water allow access to rivulets trailing off into the cattail brakes and yellow flag. Bulrushes, rice, and pickerelweed sprout everywhere water covers. Drier portions of the marsh foster mallows and viburnum. The birds and bees do all those things in the marsh that your mother warned you against. Then they go and teach it to the flowers.

After a quarter mile or so, the stream has a dogleg in it. This is where we saw three snakes one afternoon, peacefully intertwined in a stubby alder. They seemed quite cozy until we disturbed their nap.

Near its southern extreme, the estuary makes an abrupt right turn and continues out to the Connecticut. It merges with the river just above a light tower that marks where the channel crosses. At this abrupt right turn, a tiny, unnavigable estuary runs back into the marsh. One spring we netted alewives as they descended with the tide. We found them too bony to enjoy and converted them into broth. The cat enjoyed the strainings.

Rocks don't grow around here. The islands and marshes are composed of silt. We can dig a posthole four feet deep with diggers in about ten minutes and never encounter anything save roots. The islands move about the river. The main channel used to move, too, but now they keep it dredged for the fuel tankers. The town of Deep River used to have a deep-water port; now it has only a public landing with access for pleasure craft. The channel moved across the river a century ago.

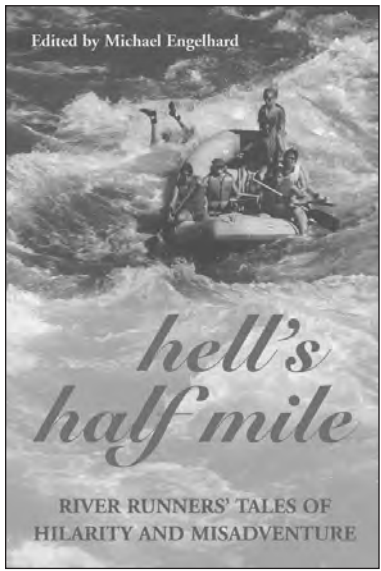
Huge silver maple, cottonwood and ash predominate on the islands. We flipped the maple seed kernels from their husks with our thumbnails, oiled and salted them, roasted them in our oven, and enjoyed them as much as did the squirrels.

A gale removed the top of a maple one summer. It left a twenty-foot stump without a knot, two feet thick at its top. Also half a cord of excellent wood for the stove. I dropped that stump and made two saw logs of it. A friend came by with a large chain saw having a rip attachment, and we spent a weekend sawing those logs into heavy planks and rafting them upriver to our trucks. We busted our tails for that wood.

Silver maple isn't as hard as the sugar maple that grows everywhere on the mainland, but those boards were wonderfully thick and wide and clear. I envisioned producing heavy trestle tables. The tops would have measured two inches thick, four feet across and nine feet long, made from only two boards. I intended to sand them smooth and apply a dozen coats of varnish. I haven't built one yet.

I proposed we stack the wood to dry in one of the lofts of my barn. Just hoisting a ton of planks up there we nearly broke a sweat. We stuck and stacked them to cure above my machine shop, and there they remained for years and years and years. My friend took his share, eventually. When I moved away, a few years ago, I gave my share to a friend across the river. Twenty years in that loft had dried them to perfection.

If I added up all my daydreams of fifty years that haven't come to much, and had used those hours more productively, I probably could have accomplished quite a lot. Not to mention all those hours I wandered about the marshes in my canoe, avoiding responsibility. But then, had I been responsible, I wouldn't be who I am today, or have all these tales to tell you.



Edited by Michael Engelhard

hell's half mile

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Activities & Events...

A Very Special Year in Lake Champlain History

2009 was a very special year in Lake Champlain history and in the history of the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum. It was the 400th anniversary of Samuel de Champlain's brief, profound, and only visit to the lake that bears his name. This quadricentennial anniversary presented the museum with a unique opportunity to reflect on the 11,000 years of human culture which took place before Champlain's arrival and the 400 years of history that flowed from it. The Lake Champlain Maritime Museum's goal was to design a dynamic and engaging series of public programs to explore the region's rich record of history and archaeology. I am pleased to report that 2009 exceeded all our expectations.

Our 2009 theme was "Discover 1609" and we produced exhibits for the Burlington Airport, Main Street Landing, and the Champlain Valley Fair in addition to our home campus at Basin Harbor. A tour by our schooner *Lois McClure* to 20 communities became the centerpiece of our "Discover 1609" outreach program. This was enhanced by a series of special publications, lectures, concerts, and mini exhibits. Our new film *Operation Spitfire* was completed and shown on regional Vermont and New York PBS stations, and a specially-designed new curriculum, "Navigating the Champlain Valley," was made available to teachers and students.

2009 will also be remembered as a special time because of the challenged economy. I am very pleased to report that with continued support the museum has been able to weather the storm without layoffs and while producing perhaps the most intricate program in our 25-year history. Our dedicated staff rose to the occasion and has worked tirelessly to take advantage of the Champlain-Hudson Quadricentennial and to move forward our mission "to preserve and share the rich history and archaeology of the region."

As we view the road ahead I am filled with cautious optimism. We have just learned that we will be the recipient of a grant to install new docks at North Harbor that will permit boaters to visit the museum. We have just broken ground for the Hazelett Family Small Watercraft Center, a project more than a decade in the making. This new facility will provide a secure place for a significant portion of our small watercraft and a new exhibition of regional iceboating. Our Maritime Research Institute (MRI) continues to document and manage our region's submerged cultural resources and our education programs continue to engage the next generation in the stories and lessons of Lake Champlain.

We have had a great quadricentennial season and we have a fantastic menu of programs, projects, fieldwork, and outreach activities on the drawing board for next year. The continuing support and patronage of our members is the reason we can offer such a robust, diverse, and multi-faceted program and outlook.

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Burlington: A Good Place to Sink Your Boat 100 Years Ago

Want to kill some time in front of a computer? Here's a fun thing for boat geeks to do. Go to Bing Maps and examine the aerial and bird's eye imagery of Shooter's Island, New Jersey, near Jersey City. The waters are littered with boats discarded there over the last 100+ years.

In the last year a new set of aerial images around Burlington were made available through Bing. The high-res images were taken when the lake was clear and calm. A close look at these images shows several boat-shaped objects just south of the Pine Street Barge Canal. We know that the canal itself and the area just to the north is littered with wrecks (at last count; five canal boats, a schooner, three barges, and a steam yacht) but nothing just to the south. It seemed hard to believe that there would be undiscovered wrecks in ten feet of water a mere 200 yards off the Burlington bike path.

The chance to investigate the images came during Waterfront Dive Center's annual Nautical Archaeology Course, where LCMM Nautical Archaeologist Pierre LaRocque gave recreational divers Peter Furtado, John Sabatella, Anthony Soto, Nell Bellamy, Aggie Broszkiewicz, and Renee and Wendell Jones weekend-long diving and archaeology tutorial. In addition to bits and pieces of other boats, the divers found a 60' wooden barge and a broken-up sailing canal boat. The sailing canal boat still has its centerboard and looks to be of the type built between 1858 and 1870, similar to the nearby wreck of the canal schooner *General Butler*. Needless to say, the students left pretty happy having discovered two Lake Champlain wrecks.

New Online Shipwreck Broadcast

Now LCMM can transport you right from your computer under the waves of Lake Champlain to explore the shipwrecked *Sarah Ellen*, a lake schooner that sank in a terrible winter storm in 1860. LCMM's ROV footage of *Sarah Ellen* is the only known imagery of this deep-water wreck, which has never been explored by scuba divers.

Last November LCMM premiered its first-ever live webcast, developed with the creative team of Jan Crocker, LLC. The program weaves together ROV footage with interviews from LCMM nautical archaeologists and educators to bring this story to life for any audience. Log on to view the archived broadcast online anytime at www.lcmm.org.

Lake Pepin Messabout

I would greatly appreciate it if you could mention in our magazine the upcoming Lake Pepin Messabout on June 4-6 at Lake City, Minnesota. This free event is open to all boat builders, those who are thinking of being boat builders, and folks who just like wooden boats. Full details can be found at lakepepinmessabout.com.

Thanks, Bob, for faithfully publishing such an outstanding magazine.

Bill Paxton, Apple Valley, MN

Adventures & Experiences...

We Had a Good Year

We had a good year here on Virginia's Northern Neck hiding in our little forest. Dee shipped out some of her books. The loft produced a sail a week plus a few. The cats waxed fat. The yawl *Muskrat* made one short cruise, a few overnights, and between times had a nice long rest in our marshy creek. We wouldn't mind if 2010 treated us the same way. Maybe exercise these cats and *Muskrat* a little more. Maybe make a few less sails. Maybe kick back a little now that we're a year older.

Stu Hopkins, Dabbler Sails, Wicomico Church, VA

Designs...

"Waka" Polynesian Voyager

Here's a catamaran proposal to New Zealand Maori to get their youth building and sailing modern versions of the vessels that got their ancestors all over the Pacific Ocean starting over 4,000 years ago.

Best wishes for 2010!

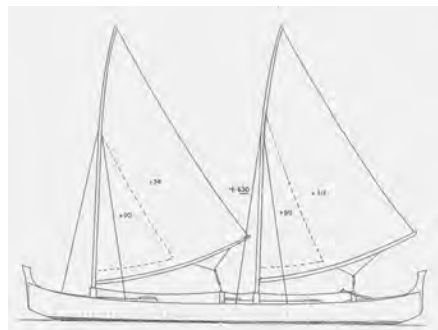
Pat and Dick Newick, Sebastopol, CA

Waka Polynesian Voyager

Length 51'6" (15.7m)

Beam 19'6" (5.8m)

Displacement 9,000lbs (4,082kg)



This Magazine...

Heartwarming Coincidence

You are just a master and I cannot imagine how you come up with so many creative discoveries and ideas. I enclose a colored picture of a painting measuring about 20"x30" which my grandfather painted which is a nearly identical match for the picture on page 45 of your November 2009 issue, "Grandeur Under Sail-1903." His name was Stephen J. Connolly, of Beverly Farms, Massachusetts (1860-1945). He was a businessman and he did about 25 paintings, most of them boats; he did not sign all of them and he did not show them but gave them to the family. What luck to see this in *Messing About in Boats* just when my cousin and I were starting to work on unearthing more of my grandfather's paintings.

Good wishes to you. Hope this coincidence warms your heart and makes your daily work just a little easier and even more rewarding than I'm sure your days are anyway.

Gene Connolly, Redding, CT



Editor Comments: The original photo was a page in a 1903 issue of *The Rudder*. This coincidence is indeed heartwarming, typical of the many rewards we enjoy doing the magazine.

Writing of Superior Quality

I must tell you that I find the caliber of the writing in the magazine to be of increasingly superior quality; in particular, I'd like to say that Hugh Ware's "Beyond the Horizon" is of the highest standard; how that man can put so much interesting information into such a small space blows me away, and how he does it with so much sparkle is a staggering accomplishment. (*Hugh is a retired technical writer!—Ed*)

The articles from the British Dinghy Cruising Association have been nothing less than first rate and are always a pleasure to read, even when I don't have the vaguest idea where the places they are describing are. (It's also interesting to see what foreigners can do with our language.)

I have noticed a steady and consistent improvement in virtually every article in the magazine. Perhaps it was the inspirational aspect of your decision to include so many wonderful and surprising older pieces (like "Snubbing Through..."), and others.

Joseph Ress, Waban, MA

Daydreaming and Vicarious Adventures

Your magazine gives me hours of daydreaming and vicarious adventures around the globe and especially right here in my amazing new backyard on the Massachusetts coast. Thank you for publishing Robb White all those years. I'm looking forward to reading his *Flotsam & Jetsam*.

Daniel Page, West Newton, MA

Getting Pleasantly Distracted

I've been looking through some old back issues for particular articles and keep getting pleasantly distracted by other stories, half-remembered, that have nothing at all to do with what I'm looking for but beg to be read anyhow. Thank you for this good work you've been doing all these years. I look forward to receiving the magazine as long as you are pleased to publish it.

Calvin Devries, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada

Couldn't Be Beat

I think it might be about a decade ago when I pulled alongside a car in a parking lot with a kayak on its roof, with its owner checking the tie-down straps. I asked him if he knew of any sort of newsletter that focused on kayaks and canoes. He told me that *Messing About in Boats* couldn't be beat for this and gave me a past issue he had in his car from which I could subscribe. I did so several days later and have subscribed ever since.

Walter Head, Vilas, NC

Still a Great Publication

There are several things in the magazine that I don't care for, but I know that others do. Besides, it's still a great publication with lots of "Good Stuff" in it. I like the new monthly format and while it's hard to wait the extra two weeks there's more to read in it when it does arrive.

Charles Ludwig, Havelock, NC

Declining Readership

After reading your "Commentary" on declining readership, I had a couple of ideas to offer. I'm a regular subscriber to several boat magazines, yet it took a long time (years) for me to find *MAIB*. I happened upon it through collecting reference links on boating websites until one of them had a link to a link to your site. My gut feeling is that there are MANY more potential readers out there who don't know *MAIB* exists. Along that line, I have two suggestions for increasing your readership:

(1) Advertise in other boating magazines once in a while and in the classified section to save money. I think there are a lot of people who read those magazines, especially the upscale, cruising, and racing mags, who don't actually fit into the big boat crowd and are really looking for adventure, interest, and enjoyment on a smaller and more personal scale.

(2) Put up links or references to *MAIB* on every boat-related website around, it's usually free and most people these days are into finding stuff by networking, sharing, referencing, blogging, grouping, etc.

I offer the above with some trepidation since I don't want your magazine to become TOO popular for fear it might change. If it's beginning to look like a sudden rise in readership is launching you into the million

tweets/day club or appearances on Oprah, please lean on the tiller and change course to keep *MAIB* the same wonderful publication. Thanks much,

Steve Curtiss, Los Altos, CA

Editor Comments: Even classified ads in real magazines are way beyond affordability for us. We will, however, follow up on the website links, I have someone in mind who knows about that stuff. It may help.

Stop... Don't Stop

Read your Commentary. Stop. Am enclosing check for three friends' subscriptions. Stop. If one-third of your subscribers do this and one-third of those people gifted subscribe you'll be back to 4,000 subscribers. Stop. It could happen. Stop. Keep publishing as long as you can. Don't Stop. I like what you do and how you do it. Don't Stop.

Jim Worden, Perrysburg, OH

Editor Comments: I like your math. We'll see how it works out. Many new gift subscription orders did arrive pre-Christmas, thanks to all who responded.

Treasured Forum

I was thinking of ways to increase the profit margin of *MAIB* without actually raising the annual cost to the subscriber. As you have stated, it doesn't seem like there is much likelihood of increasing the subscriber list significantly.

As this is such a unique magazine with very much of a unique niche readership, one that actually is almost entirely written by the readers, a forum that rarely exists in other boating journals, I suggest that for those of us who value the magazine that we think of it as a quasi-non profit. When we renew our subscriptions we make a small contribution, maybe rounding up our subscription cost to the next number divisible by ten; i.e., \$32 subscription + \$8 = \$40. A small amount to the individual, but cumulatively could be an important sum to keep this wonderful service above water (a pun we should all value). Just a thought, however, if only one out of four chose this it could be significant and may help keep our treasured forum.

Paul Breeding, Broomfield, CO

Hit a Chord

Your editorial request to give some gift subscriptions hit a chord with me, so here's one for our local library. Best of luck to you and Jane in 2010.

Bob Chapin, Preston, CT

Editor Comments: My discussion of the financial realities of what we are doing was intended to acquaint you all with how so small a scale publication can survive. The various suggestions many of you sent in response are greatly appreciated as are the extra contributions added to renewals and the many new gift subscriptions.

While I love doing this and have no intention (or necessity) to cease publication, the magazine does have to survive financially chiefly on subscription income. Our advertisers are a loyal group and their support is also significant and much appreciated. I thank all of you for making the magazine what it is.

So, what can we say about the '09 Kokopelli? On a positive note, we had the largest group ever, 24 souls by Dewitt's tally. On a Rio Grande River run Chuck, the Duckworks honcho, had extolled the Kokopelli within hearing of Donna Grimes. She, in turn, talked it up among her paddling buddies in Houston. As a result, four wide-eyed paddle people found themselves at the Hite put-in, staring wonderingly westward as Lake Powell disappeared into the cliff-bound fastness.

Also assembled on the rocky shore was the usual bunch of Kokonuts, as well as some of the Yahoo group who have, in recent years, attended the start of the Kokopelli. Among the birds of similar feather was spotted a rara avis, native to Australia. Michael Storer had been invited by the Leinwebers, who sell his plans via Duckworks, and who was on a jaunt around the US hosted by various boat nuts. He had been met in Salt Lake City, wine, dined, and conveyed hence by Messrs Hatch, Smith, et al.

Many of the attendees had met a day earlier at the Thin Man Camp to hike the slot canyon, so were well acquainted by the time they got to Hite. When I arrived late Saturday afternoon, Tom Gale had his regiment-size gas cooker going to heat Dewitt's bag of smoked ribs. It appeared that about four piggies had given their best for the project.

I initiated nibbling with a plate of Mrs T's deviled eggs and munching multiplied on through Dewitt's ribs, fries, slaw, and on into several desserts. At the campfire Michelle produced a couple of wine glasses that showed red or green from lights in the stems. In a pinch they would do for sidelights. About bedtime Kim and Jeff blew in from SoCal.

Sunday dawned bright and windless, with somewhat desultory doings around the various camps. After our standard camp breakfast of butter-fried homemade bread with jam or pb, Steven and son Tanner set up and loaded the Penguin as the canoeists and kayakers also prepared to depart. Martin was mooching back and forth getting a feel for his latest catamaran. The morning was disturbed by loud backfires and eruptions of sputtering from Tom's Ford truck. It even brought the Rangers. Dedicated tinkering didn't seem to effect any improvement. Finally, around noon the big Macgregor was launched with a tongue extension and some pushing.

I had brought a Swooper Duckah! (see Starvation report) for somebody to use and Willie, having outgrown his little pulling boat, was just the fella. He was soon headed down lake with me not far behind. A decent little headwind had sprung up and Willie, Martin with the cat, and I were crossing tacks and covering a lot of ground without making much westing. Heather with the Girlie Boat was well behind until she and Martin went for the wood and soon disappeared ahead. Tom came back with big Mac and hauled us to camp. We arrived just at dusk, missing the Texan's Fiesta Mexicana, but after a long day, yesterday's sandwich was a nice complement to beer and chips.

Monday's wind was a replay of Sunday. Time for the oars. Ah yes, the oars. To review; inexplicably my half-finished oars from last year were nowhere to be found. A couple of weeks of searching turned up nothing and no ideas, leaving me somewhat befuddled. Actually, it's not that remarkable as I have a number of oars strewn about the US. Well, I had another pair with grips and blades finished. I chopped six inches off the blades

Blow KoKo Blow or Not!

By Jim Thayer

Photos by Apel, Gale, Storer, S. Thayer

so they would fit in the cockpit and called them good enough.

This morn I discovered that the looms (still square) were way too big to fit in the horns. Seeing my predicament, Steven came aboard to lend a hand. I had shipped a plane, thinking to work on them in spare moments. A cursory search failed to turn it up, so we set to work with a butcher knife, Steven wielding the blade while I played vise. Wood butchers for sure. Well along in the task the plane practically jumped to hand, chagrined, no doubt, to have its place usurped by a mere kitchen tool.

While engaged with the oars, we noticed four Duckworks kayaks (Chuck, Sandra, son Joe, and Michael Storer) and the SoCal rowing boats passing us up. Tanner and Willie fooled around rowing and paddling and then Tanner hooked up and gave us a tow. By dint of some rowing, a little sailing, and indeterminate drifting, we rounded the end of the big meander and earned a little breeze, enabling us to slowly beat south toward the Horn.

Lunchtime found us on an inhospitable shore with marginal shade, but we managed to get a line ashore and rafted up. Tanner slipped, but both water and sun were warm, so no pain. Willie, without supplies, distained chunky peanut butter and so enjoyed plain soda crackers until his mom hove into view with his lunch.

It was a long afternoon against a moderate headwind, with occasional short reaches as the west wind came over the Horn and couldn't decide which way to go. Once around the Horn it was a stiff beat for a mile or so until we found a group hauled out on a rocky peninsula. John and Cindy were there with their twin Hobie tris and Mike and Michelle with their lug-rigged Sea Pearl. Dave and Anita soon powered up with their big Picara, hauling the night's supper.

The speedy kayaks and SoCal boats were off west somewhere and Tom powered off to check on them. Word came back that they were happy where they were. About this time the Houston four paddled up, having gone clear to the head of White Canyon and then come after us. They did indeed have a long day.

No Dutch ovens for Dave this evening as he warmed up his chicken dish and Anita chunked up a couple of big watermelons served in the shell. We had a nice fire until Steven and Tanner headed off to bed. They had gone just a little way when Steven called for Tom to bring the light. Careful shifting of some driftwood revealed a nicely coiled rattlesnake, which attracted some cell phones. I had thought to call the place Easter Island Camp after an iconic head high on the skyline, but it will be known henceforth as Rattlesnake Point. Rest assured that people were wide-eyed and alert as they tiptoed through the driftwood the rest of the trip.

The connected among the group had been getting prognostications of a cold front due Wednesday and so Tuesday morning there was general agreement to head for the barn. The boys pushed me off and I was away for a

spiffy run to the Horn. Once around it was the same old story. The wind was rushing thither and yon having a great time and confounding those who would harness it. I was putting up a good fight with the Sea Pearl, but fell in a hole and watched them sail almost out of sight.

Back at the north end of the meander there was a large bight opening to the north and I decided to take a little break. The entire shore was boat-sized broken rock except the far end, which was an impossible trap. Coasting about, thinking I might have to give up the game, I noticed a large bush perhaps one quarter submerged. I hit it dead center at a goodly rate, grabbed a branch, and tied up. It would have been suitable for a day or a week. Ready to leave, I pushed back, held a branch while the wind brought the bow around, and peeled out.

Back in the channel, I hooked up with the Penguin and we soon stopped for lunch. Then it was south, a close reach with occasional short boards, back to the first night's camp where every body was settled in except the Texans, who were full speed for Hite. There was still plenty of wind, which snatched away Ruby's kayak, prompting a high-speed launch and rescue by Chuck. Finally, Tom lay the cruise liner alongside a ledge where Sandra took over the galley and produced her celebrated salmon cakes. Recreation director John D set up a game which involved pitching large washers at tuna cans embedded in the sand. Sort of a sailors' horseshoe affair which continued until too dark to see the cans.

Wednesday dawned with dark scudding clouds with rents here and there to provide dramatic lighting. Nothing sets off a nice cliff or a group of sailboats like low angle light through a hole in black clouds. A stiff west wind raised a sea of whitecaps beyond our sheltered anchorage. Kim, Jeff, Randy, and the Duck folk took this as a chance for an express ride to Hite and so put off while the rest of us lay around. Not long after a shout was raised that Randy had capsized. Apparently help was at hand and soon we were advised that all were safe. However, the affair scuttled any thought of the laggards leaving for Hite.

The hot sun encouraged some of the gents to erect a makeshift awning. I had already moved in under and an addition was just finished when a fierce gust destroyed the whole thing. The good breeze enabled serious development work by engineer Steven on Tanner's grocery bag kite project. By mid-afternoon the natives were restless and the wind was adjudged to be moderating, although there was still plenty to have us at Hite in a couple of hours.

Us little guys sailed right out over the ledge that had blocked the way last year. It was a soldier's wind and I was prepared to dose most of the way. It fell lighter and lighter and I was about to go for the oars when suddenly, like a freight train 'round the bend, it came booming out of the east, right in the teeth. I had a couple of rolls in the main so wasn't too concerned. The Denisons were off to the north and the Penguin out ahead. I was doing OK but wasn't keen to keep it up all the way to Hite.

There was a bight to the south with a high cliff on the east side and a low peninsula culminating in a rocky eminence on the west. On a moment's whim I ducked in there and let the boat sail circles while I considered things. Steven and Tanner came running back under bare pole and drove ashore. Seeing Tom and



Mother's Heart Attack", confluence of "Dirty Devil and Colorado. Island is part of the delta exposed by low lake level.



Kim standing in his Dobler dory.



Michael Storer.



Tanner, with Penguin.



Randy and Jake movin' on.



Mike and Michele with Sea Pearl.



Martin's cat with floats of pvc pipe.

Nina and Martin's pvc pipe cat.



Nina and Penguin. Mizzen furled.



the Denisons ashore on the other side, Steven hailed me to go round to the leeward side.

I started out but needed more sea room so tacked and took about five gallons over the lee rail. That's just not done on a boat like Nina. Perhaps a little "shook," I quickly made another run at it. It was clear that I couldn't make it. Time to wear ship. Oops, been here before. This time, however, I feel that the lesson is graven in my ever-softening cranial tissue.

This little digression probably comes as no surprise to old hands but may be helpful to neophytes. The rudder is to steer the boat but one learns early on that it has no effect unless the boat is moving through the water. The same is true in a car but this is less intuitive in a boat. However, there are times, invariably inopportune, when the rudder becomes powerless even though the boat is moving well.

Suppose you are on starboard tack (boom over port side) and for some reason (lack of planning, ultimately) you cannot tack. You decide to gybe. What happens? Because the force of a stiff wind on the mainsail overpowers the rudder, you continue plowing ahead. If you are quick to dump the main you may get around to dead downwind, where the main will again have more turning moment than the rudder. If you have an unstayed rig you may run out of sheet or wind up with the sheet around the mast.

In the instant case, I crashed headlong into the rocks and then began bouncing backward along the rocky shore. I feared for the rudder but luckily the shore was steep-to. Steven and Tanner were quickly on the scene and got me headed off.

Contributing to the fiasco, in addition to incompetence, was too much belly in the sail. My reefing system, with the sail rolling around the mast, depends on a rather light line for the clew outhaul. Between stretch in the line and the little bit of movement before the clam cleat grabs it, it is impossible to get the clew snug. This is acceptable in light air or when running but is ruinous with the snot-in-yer-ear wind we had.

I've got to come up with some kind of quick acting 2:1 purchase for an outhaul. Would be a good idea to hang a couple of tires on the bow while I am at it. We are just fooling with small boats but at times it pays to think like the pilot of a four master.

Once squared away, I could have probably made it around to the other side but I was out of the mood, ran ashore near the boys and we stood around watching the action. The Penguin had been hauled up the beach but the Nina isn't amenable to such handling. She is a double ender with about two feet of freeboard aft but heavy spray was blowing clear to the foredeck. Steven opined that it wasn't a very congenial place to spend the night and

I readily concurred. As I stumbled about, the boys conveyed my kit up the beach to behind a large cottonwood log where I began dusting off a spot for my bag, while counting myself truly fortunate.

Tom had gone back to get Heather, who hadn't a prayer of making any headway, so we were all safe and sound. The Denisons availed themselves of the big boat galley to whip up a supper featuring, wait for it, Fettuccine Tartu-fi di mare. Steven assisted with chicken salad and his personally baked pound cake topped with Grand Valley peaches. I tell you, this ain't no beans outfit. After a nice evening fire, listening intently, I carefully picked my way over the driftwood back to my log where I found a tent all set up for me.

Wednesday morn I was shaken awake to find the Coleman going outside the door and breakfast on order. If you are going to really enjoy geezerhood, you had better raise good kids and cultivate the best sort of friends. Whether I had been adjudged incompetent or just needing a hand, I can't say, but it had been decided that Tom would tow me on up to Hite. The first throw missed and the big Mac wound up sloshing around in the bushes while a line was made fast. Luckily we got away without any problem.

As a crusty old salt, it is my responsibility to critique the operation. Generally the line should have a loop which can be dropped over a cleat, bollard, or whatever you are after. Since Nina is a sturdy craft, the Mac could have been laid alongside while lines were secured. To be sure, I ain't any smarter than the principals involved. It's just that I have had time to think about it and we are supposed to learn from experience.

The rest is anticlimactic. The ramp was deserted, the out-of-staters long gone. The Ford had been put to rights. In my day the firing order was cast right into the block. The boys and I opted for camping in the Swell and spent the next day looking for Swazy's Leap.

It was fun as always, although perhaps not vintage Kokopelli. But it was a whacking great time if you are a bit of a masochist. Heartfelt thanks to all who shared.



Penguin and Sea Pearl.



Randy' Swedland's boat.



8 – *Messing About in Boats*, March 2010



Dave Hahn's Picara herding kayaks.

Randy's Tale

Wednesday was quite an exciting educational day for me. I finally learned, by exceeding them, the limits of both myself and my boat's heavy weather abilities under both sail and oar.

Jake (my dog) and I left Tuesday's campsite too late to catch the early milder winds. Very soon I realized I'd be lucky to hang on, planing and surfing downwind, way too much sail even reefed, waves slewing the boat around, not enough control with the rudder. Turning off the wind brought more water into the boat and took me towards a part of the channel with much more fetch. Tacking or jibing was out of the question.

It was one of those "happened so fast I'm not sure what happened" capsize, although later I found a (undersized) parrel fastener broken and the mast was bent at the partner. The boat had turned turtle. I called to Jake and he swam towards me, eyes big as saucers. He kept trying to climb on my head. I held onto his collar for fear he'd be lost to the wind and waves, which gave me only one hand for the boat. Looking around, I saw my bailer go drifting away. I swear it was the only time on the whole trip I failed to secure it, and worse, my rowing seat to the boat.

Then out of nowhere Jeff appeared in his whaleboat, right up next to me, shouting encouragement and advice. He managed to take Jake onboard while I swam around to the leeward side and got the boat onto its side. Thanks to the large watertight compartments fore and aft it was easy to right and floated only half full of water, gunnels clear. Jeff loaned me his bailer which I employed furiously. He stuck by me while we rowed into a sheltered inlet. Somewhere along the way Jeff spotted and retrieved my rowing seat. Thank you, thank you, Jeff, for everything!

I got dried out, warmed up, and re-stowed and waited and hoped for a lull, which came about 2pm. The lull held and I rowed with a gentle south wind, rounding the corner to where I could see Hite, maybe two to three miles off. Thought I had made it! Then the much predicted cold north wind hit, early and hard, right on the nose, er, back of the head. I adjusted my rowing technique, pulled hard, and made a half mile or so. Finally, as the wind and waves increased, I could progress no more. Turning around, I rowed a short distance back to a slight indentation in the solid cliff and rockfall shoreline. Visions of a miserable night sitting on a rock danced in my head.

I saw, and landed on, a spot clear of big rocks just big enough for the bow of my boat. By digging and enlarging a bow-shaped hole in the small rocks and mud, then working a driftwood log under the boat about midships and stabilizing everything with more rocks and wood, then piling three big rocks right forward on the forward deck, I was able to secure the boat solidly on shore. Jake had found a bit of a flat spot about 25' up from the boat which someone, perhaps years ago and in a similar predicament, had improved by moving rocks big and small out of the way to create a, well lovely or wonderful would not be an exaggeration, sheltered enclave about 6'x12' overall. Twenty minutes or so of work gave me a dead level dirt floor just big enough to stretch out on. There was a perfect spot for a fire and plenty of firewood.

So, to wrap this up, we spent a very comfortable, even enjoyable afternoon, evening,

and night sheltered from the wind, cooking a tasty meal, reading, watching the waves parade by and gradually diminish over the course of the night. At the first crack of dawn I was packed and ready to go. And a good thing it was that we left when we did and I pulled hard. As I was arriving at Hite, that north wind was starting to blow in earnest.

Tom's Tale

Thanks for the support in getting us off on the Kokopelli trip. The first day was great. We tacked our way back and forth into the SW wind. The Mac 25 performed very well. Willie sailed the Swooper Ducker into the wind as well and loved it. Many thanks to Jim Thayer for his generous loan and to the Leinweber's for Ruby's loan of the kayak. Our first camp was at a cove we had stayed at last year. Our second camp ended up short of where Chuck and Sandra had ended up. I made a run to locate them and shore up their provisions.

Weather report looked grim, thanks to John D's handheld. We decided to stay put and wait for the Leinweber group to return. We had a strong, wild tailwind heading back north to our first camp. I managed to fall overboard while trying to retrieve my hat. Willie helped me get back aboard, good lesson in safety there, life vests are great, life lines are even better. We decided to stay put until the wind calmed down at the first camp, a nice little protected harbor.

The next morning did not bring much improvement. The kayakers got an early start, we hoped they would make it safely. After witnessing Randy's capsize, we decided it best to wait it out further. I felt bad to leave the others high and dry for a group meal yet again. We had a window open about 3pm and decided to make a run for it. But by the time we had made a mile or two, 3 to 4' swells from the north had come up (late Wednesday afternoon, I think). Heather was trying to row into it but it was just too much. We had found a small cove with some protection and I went back for Heather. Second good lesson, always take a second pair of hands. It was a harsh experience, but we made it back to the group. The Yamaha 4hp I bought just before the trip proved to be a very worthwhile purchase.

John and Cindy made a wonderful batch of clam pasta and a nice beach fire sustained us for the night. My poor MacGregor did suffer some scuffing and grinding of the gelcoat as it hammered against the rocks all night. But it's repairable. It was then decided to tow a few remaining boats back to Hite as Heather and the Dennisons braved the wind and waves to make it the rest of the way home, Thursday afternoon by now. All in all, not one of our more civilized Kokopellis, but we truly enjoyed being with a great group of friends.

I walked up to the pay phone to check on my car, made a second call to AAA to come fix my truck, and said goodbye to the Thayers and John and Cindy, who were good enough to tow Heather's boat to GJ for us to retrieve later. A very nice older gentleman showed up from Brian's Repair in Loa, Utah, and got my truck running tip-top. We decided to stay the night there, it was very nice, calm breeze by then. We packed up Friday morning and headed for home with a stop at the famous "Mom's Cafe" in Salinas, Utah, which we highly recommend.

So there you have it. Many thanks to the Messabout folks, Dewitt for the great food, hope to do it again next year!

Tom, Heather, Wil, Ruby, and Molly Gale

The Texan's Tale

The Texans have emerged! We paddled out at Hite on Tuesday afternoon. With the wind to our back, the trip was fine, just had to steer straight and keep those canoes/kayaks from getting broadside to the wind. Our kayaker (Joe Coker) did get broadsided and almost flipped. I'm so glad he didn't as getting to him and helping him in the middle of that ocean of a lake would have been difficult. We camped that night at Natural Bridges and the wind howled that night and all the next. As I headed toward Page, Arizona, I was so glad to be in my car and NOT in my boat with those winds.

We continued to enjoy ourselves as we spent 11 days instead of seven hiking through the beautiful sandstone of Utah and Arizona. I then met up with my husband and nine others for a 60-mile paddle on the Pecos in West Texas, and then a 35-mile paddle on the Rio down Boquillas Canyon. Yes, we Texans are diehards.

Good to meet y'all and my biggest regret is not getting to spend more quality time with some mighty good folks.

The Duckwork's Tale

We hated to leave everyone as we did, but we honestly did not think it was as bad as it turned out to be. We did not have any trouble blowing down to Hite, but we could have as the waves were pretty impressive. With the wind, we mainly just steered. I watched my GPS and saw 2.5mph at one point when I was just sitting there without paddling. We did not want to wait until that wind was on our noses. In retrospect, it might have been a good idea to go up into White Canyon for a couple of days rather than stay out where we were.

It was a good trip and we look forward to the next one. Thanks to everyone for showing up and especially to you, Jim, for organizing another great Koko.

Dave's Tale

It was pretty windy the last mile and we had a heck of a jibe. I should have spilled the wind by relaxing the main sheet, but was hanging on to everything for dear life. Anita was not amused. Terrified would be a better word. I should have tied in one more reef at lunch. But we stayed upright and finally fought the boat onto the trailer. We were zombies for Wednesday and most of Thursday, but I'm sure that a 30-year-old would have been just as tired. Is that right? Is someone half your age really half as tired, or do you just feel twice as tired as you remember? I have no answers. It was great to see everyone again.

Kim's Tale

What with the big crowd attending and the difficulty in sticking together and the early departure, we barely crossed paths this year. Too bad we didn't get to interact more, but I want to thank you anyway for inviting Jeff and I. We still had a great time and would return and do it all again next week, if such a thing were possible. But next year for sure.



Shallow gravel ramp at Hite.



Tom and Ruby on Big Mac.



Anita and Dave work on kitchen platform.



The culinary consortium, Gale and Smith, prepare launch banquet.



Tanner's cozy camp cave.



Jim's Response

Glad to hear that everyone is safe and sound. Haven't heard from Donna's group (Texans), they have probably resolved to stay in Texas in the future. Too bad we didn't get to know them better. Randy's adventure should give us all pause and makes a good argument for cruising in company. His resourcefulness and good judgment in spending the night certainly sets the right tone. Lots of flotation and waterproof bags are the way to go.

The choice of course set us up for possible disappointment and made oars or engine a real necessity. Thanks to Cap Gale's good works, I no longer sneer at engines.

While this year's adventure had some disappointments, I think it was a good exercise. I hope everyone will review it carefully and make any indicated improvements to their boat and kit. As for me, I will add a clew outhaul and a bow pudding.

An Unexpected Opportunity

"We are sailing to the Shetlands and need one more crew member. Would you be interested?" I could not believe my ears. I looked around—no, they were really talking to me. I was sitting in position four in a four-man rowing skiff. We had just finished a 10km race on the Bay of Kiel (for the University of Kiel, Germany, in first place) and I was not thinking about sailing at that very moment. But I saw my rowing and sailing coaches talking to the skipper of the 60' yawl *Peter von Danzig* as she was being loaded with boxes and gear at the head of the pier where we were just taking out. Pointing at me, I heard them say, "He should do fine!"

I had done some dinghy sailing and even a seven-day trip through the Danish isles on a small four-man sloop, but the *Peter von Danzig* belonged to the sailing fraternity ASV (the Academic Sailing Club of the University of Kiel), and I wasn't even a member. It was a very special boat in Germany since it had been built for the trans-Atlantic race from Bermuda to Cuxhaven/Kiel, the opener for the 1936 Olympic sailing regatta held right here in Kiel. (All other events were contested in Berlin, you may remember.) "We are leaving tonight, but you can catch us at either end of the Kiel Canal (at the locks in Kiel/Holtenau or at Brunsbüttel, at the mouth of the Elbe River/North Sea, 60 miles from here)."

"Go on, Reinhard!" I heard my rowing buddies cheering me on. "You are done here, and it's the end of the semester!" It was the summer of 1961, the end of my fourth semester as all-English major. They were so right, I told myself in the joyous exuberance of a young student tasting academic freedom for the first time. And I would hear some real English! Great! By bike, tram, and train I made it home to Rendsburg (a small town at the halfway point of the Kiel Canal) in no time and packed my things, while trying to convince my parents this was a good idea. I then caught the first bus out to Brunsbüttel, with just enough time to purchase sea boots at the chandlery at the canal locks.

And there she came, in tow behind a small service tug, along with two other sailboats. The *Peter* did not have an engine; none of the club's boats did. It was a matter of pride, not just a financial reason. Bow and stern anchors as well as the dinghy were always at the ready. Twelve over-eager students were the motor, as we saw it.

Peter von Danzig in the Kiel Canal locks at Brunsbüttel.



Sailing to the Shetlands

A Retrospective

By Reinhard Zollitsch

Bound for Edinburgh, Scotland

We headed straight across the North Sea, about 500 nautical miles (900km) to Edinburgh, Scotland. The North Sea, a relatively shallow and often very windy "bight" off the North Atlantic, was true to form. The seas were lumpy and our heavy steel-hulled boat, loaded with supplies for 12 students for a five-week sailing trip, was hitting hard into the waves. Even I got close to donating my breakfast, lunch, and supper to mighty Neptune, but finding some chores on deck and scanning the horizon helped me regain my old sea legs.

When it blew Force 11 off Edinburgh (Force 12 is hurricane strength wind, 74 miles/hour), the skipper ordered us to heave to. With the mainsail and trysail already down, we backed the storm jib, lashed the helm, checked our lights, and went below for a grand cheese-'n-wine party in the saloon. The gimbaled kerosene lantern was swinging wildly over the well-seasoned, dark mahogany cabin table, and the wind was howling through the rigging. I had a ball and had to think about my grandfather, who had sailed on windjammers around the Horn to Chile many times, as well as to Sydney, Australia. I loved it!

With the bow pointing slightly off the wind, we were slowly drifting backwards, leaving a surprisingly smooth bubble path to windward where no big waves would break, as exciting for me as sailing itself.



Entering the Firth of Forth to Edinburgh (RZ on look-out).

Well, all good things have to come to an end. (You guessed it, this storm was my high point of the trip!) We made it fine up the Firth of Forth to the Edinburgh Royal Yacht Club in Leith, where we were greeted graciously, but very reserved, being one of the first German yachts to visit the club after the war. We toured the venerable city, including the castle, but landfalls are never as exciting for me as sailing itself.

Into Old Viking Country The Shetlands

I was itching to sail on about 300nm (540km) straight north to the Shetland Islands, our next goal. We had a beautiful night sail and I especially remember us 12 students vigorously singing the old Viking song "Nacht der schwarzen Wogen" (night of the black waves), about a lonely ship making landfall in the early rays of the rising sun after a dark night filled with big waves. We also started taking turns reading aloud in the cockpit, a German translation of the Swedish Viking book *Rode Orm* (*The Red Dragon*) by Frans G. Bengtsson, to get in the mood for our next landfall in the tiny harbor of Lerwick.

We could make out the steep shores of the southern tip of the main island from way out at sea. Getting closer, we saw several Pict towers, round stone towers where early inhabitants of the islands would hide when intruders threatened. We celebrated our arrival in port with a lobster dinner, something extremely extravagant for us post-war German kids. I was surprised, though, to still see so many small whaling boats in the harbor with harpoons mounted right on the bows. (I would assume they are gone by now.)

And on Across to Bergen, Norway

Like the old Vikings, we then sailed straight east across the sea into the fjord of Bergen (about 200nm/360km) in one wonderful night and day, covering our longest 24-hour sail of 187nm (210 miles/337km). I remember watching the big seas coming in a bit forward of our port beam, from the open North Atlantic. I had to get it on film. There, that's a real big one coming... click... and moments later I found myself in the starboard lifelines, camera still in hand, but dripping wet. My old Voigtlander camera did not like the saltwater at all and called it quits, but here is the picture! (You have to add the crest of this wave in your mind's eye. But it was there for sure, I felt it! And yes, it would have been better if someone had closed the hatch

North Sea sailing, hard on the wind.





The Shetland Isles ahead.



Peter in Lerwick harbor, Shetlands.

to the companionway—and I should have worn a life jacket!)

Tacking up the long fjord to the harbor of Bergen, Norway, took all morning and then it began to rain in buckets. But sailors have oilskins and sea boots and we were all over town and up the funicular to the restaurant on the hill. This harbor felt very “Baltic,” very “Hanseatic,” and made us feel right at home. Bergen was a member of the Hanseatic League, a trading co-op of about 200 cities, mostly around the Baltic and North Sea, of the 12-17th centuries, like Lubeck and Bremen in Germany.

Rounding the southern tip of Norway through the Skagerrak, north of the Jutland peninsula, was another high point of our trip. It is known for confused seas and strong winds, and that is just what we got. However, we wanted to try out our old storm spinnaker and trysail and enjoyed ourselves immensely, barreling along in the following seas until the spinnaker exploded. After cleaning up the mess, the skipper gleefully explained that it was high time the *Peter* got a modern full-cut nylon spinnaker anyway. Cheers broke out amongst the crew, as well as a round of Danish Tuborg beer.

The Island Worlds of Sweden and Denmark

Our next stop was the tiny harbor of Smogen, Sweden, from where we went “skerry-hopping” through the western Swedish granite “rock garden,” through a maze of little islands with deep channels in between. At Marstrand, near the larger harbor city of

Goteborg, we headed back out into the most northwestern bight of the Baltic Sea, the Kattegat, past the island of Anholt to the Lille Belt. This narrow strait between Jutland and the island of Fyn would eventually take us back to the German border at Flensburg and the Bay of Kiel and our university dock.

We had sailed about 1,600nm (2,880km) in five weeks and I cannot tell you what a liberating, eye-opening experience it was for me, sharing such a significant adventure with 11 other young, smart, and eager students from all branches of the university. Our skipper, by the way, was a medical student, a few years older than us, but just as young at heart as we were.



Amongst the Danish islands.

The three watch captains wrote up a trip report and sent it to the Cruising Club of Germany, which annually awards a prize for the most significant trip of a German yacht. That winter we were invited to come to Hamburg to receive the 1961 Schlimbach Prize—we were beaming and already planning next year’s trip, around Iceland! We all planned to be part of the crew again, but as these things go, most of us did not, only the *Peter von Danzig* did. And a few years later my old university sailing club even entered the only German yacht in the first race around the world, the 1973 Whitbread Race. (No boats from the great sailing nations, the US and Australia, were entered.) Our *Peter* finished without running into any trouble—and came in last, thus getting the most out of that race.

The Trips Not Taken

I for my part participated in another *Peter* trip to the Danish island of Anholt (early summer of 1962) but soon thereafter boarded a 10,000-ton coal freighter from Rotterdam to Norfolk, Virginia, to start my graduate assistantship at the University of Maine (see *MAIB*, June 2009, “My Turn at the Helm”), eventually getting two master’s and a doctorate degree, a solid base for a university career, a family, and a home in Maine. But I am absolutely delighted to think that another group of 12 young students were offered the opportunity to sail to Iceland that same year (1962), then around England in 1963, and in 1973 even around the world.

There comes a big one! (add wave crest in your mind).



Our crew of 12 students (RZ top left).



My Encore Across the Atlantic

My other sailing has mostly been family sailing, yearly two to four-week trips up and down the Maine coast on our small 22-footer (Venture 222 swing keeler), and being invited to sail with friends on bigger boats. In 1977 I was offered another great sailing opportunity, sailing a two-masted schooner across the Atlantic as a watch captain in charge of wood and canvas (see *MAIB*, July 15, 2003, "Fiddler's Green Across the Atlantic"). It was a Maine-built wooden Boston pilot schooner, 45' on deck, which we six sailed from Camden, Maine, to St Malo, France, Jacques Cartier's home port, where we arrived just as the 1977 Whitbread Race around the world was getting ready to start.

I had to think about our old *Peter von Danzig* in the 1973 race, and wistfully wished myself onto one of the modern, awesome-looking, huge ocean sleighs, like the 77' *Great Britain II* moored alongside our little wooden schooner in St Malo. But family and job obligations wiped out that dream without much pain. I felt very lucky my family let me go at all for 25 days crossing the Atlantic, totally out of touch with the rest of the world, on a boat named *Fiddler's Green* (Davey Jones' Locker!).

Info

ASV: Akademischer Segler Verein, Kiel (University sailing club, Kiel, Germany).

Peter von Danzig: 18m (60') steel yawl; built 1935 in Danzig, Germany (now Gdansk, Poland) for the 1936 trans-Atlantic race from Bermuda to Cuxhaven, Germany (as opener for the 1936 Sailing Olympics in Kiel/Berlin).

Frans G. Bengtsson: *Die Abenteuer Blicherei*, Berlin (also Heimeran Verlag, Miinchen; no publishing date).

What Now?

The past 12 years I have downsized my boats to absolute minimal size and have gone on long solo ocean trips (up to 1,000 miles/1,600km) in a 17' sea canoe (for the ultimate challenge and ultimate reward, as I see it). I have paddled about 5,000 miles around all New England states and Canadian maritime provinces, including around Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island, and, in 2008, up the western shore of Newfoundland. But life moves on in new directions and now I am eager to see what the future has in store for me. Greetings from a waterman.

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On a Saturday morning in mid-June 2009, I stood at the Little Tobique River bridge, just downstream from the Nictau Lake outlet in northern New Brunswick. Our put-in was down a steep, grassy slope glistening with morning dew. There was only a mere hint of a path, indicating how seldom this access had been used.

"You'll slip on that slope," guide Blaine Miller cautioned me, "so you'd be better off taking a wide, circular route down." Awaiting the arrival of the two other members of our party, Blaine and I unloaded the Old Town canoe and supplies from our van.

The night before we had camped at the Armstrong Campground in Mount Carleton Provincial Park, New Brunswick, after crossing into Canada at Van Buren, Maine, the St John River border town leading to St Léonard, New Brunswick. At the border, a Canadian customs official confiscated Blaine's cedar log billets, which he had planned to burn in our campfires. The official explained the need to prevent the potential spread of disease from beetles and insects crawling out of dead wood to infest living trees. We helped carry the suspect wood into an adjoining storage building, the cavernous room a quarter full of outlawed items. (In the spirit of reciprocity, American customs officials across the river observed the same protocol with traffic in the opposite direction.)

With this option thwarted, and perhaps anticipated, Blaine had brought along a Coleman stove as a backup for cooking. No unexpected hassle, however, can deter a professional guide for very long. En route to the park, Blaine pulled off onto the shoulder, glanced around, and then turned onto a dirt logging road lined with slash and stumps. After a quick search, he found a few fallen trunks rejected by the loggers and made quick work of cutting them up with a chainsaw. We were now back in business.

At our park campsite, Blaine introduced me to a fairly obvious innovation that I hadn't seen on any previous professionally guided trip. For each of our tents he produced an easy-to-assemble cot. Compared to the usual air mattress arrangement, the cot gave me a most comfortable night in my sleeping bag. A rain shower kept our evening walk short.

The next morning fog and mist enveloped the summit ridge of Mount Carleton, New Brunswick's highest peak. Thanks to the annual rainfall and winter snows, the mountain runoff spawns two rivers, the powerful Nepisiguit, flowing east to spill eventually into the Atlantic Ocean, and the more juvenile Little Tobique, heading west before turning southward in a fishhook loop. More of a stream in its early stages than a full-fledged river, the Little Tobique eventually joins the main Tobique River at the forks of the same name. After meeting up with other branches, the Serpentine, the Mamozekel, and the Sisson Rivers, the swollen Tobique becomes a mature, wide thoroughfare with a few rapids before emptying into the St John River. We would take out at this main confluence, site of the village of Nictau, population 16.

In late June this tiny settlement is host to an entirely different type of canoeist. From Nictau downstream to Riley Brook, the banks are lined with the curled heads of ostrich ferns, better known as fiddleheads, a tasty delicacy with a short harvesting season. To celebrate this, for the last 15 years promoters have sponsored the annual "Fiddles on the Tobique" festival. More than 8,000

Logjams and Beaver Dams: Canoeing New Brunswick's Little Tobique

By Richard E. Winslow III

For three modern voyageurs:
Blaine Miller, Gerry and Debbie LeBlanc



Whether "Rivière" or "River," it all translates into water. A bilingual sign at the Little Tobique bridge marks the site of the expedition put-in.



No gravel bar here. An off-the-road, slippery-when-wet put-in requires high boots and excellent traction.

Underway at last, the Little Tobique beckons us around that first bend.



spectators along the banks enjoy fiddle music played by musicians aboard the 800 or so canoes gliding by for three hours on a Sunday afternoon. It is a high-spirited, occasionally rowdy event, with a carnival-like atmosphere. We would miss it, however, it was scheduled for a week or so after our trip.

In fact, our party wanted nothing to do with the upcoming frolic. We only wanted to canoe the Little Tobique downstream for 50 kilometers (about 30 miles) to the Nictau hamlet take-out.

The name Tobique came from Noel Toubic or Tobec (ca 1706–1767), a First Nation chief (as Canada's largest aboriginal group is known). An earlier name, "Naygoot" or "Naygootcook," provides a more apt description, roughly translated as "flat banks beside it." Having canoed this river once before, Blaine had his own pet nickname for the river, "The African Queen," referring to the classic film's jungle setting with Humphrey Bogart slashing his way through the almost impenetrable thicket.

Our soon-to-be-assembled party of four was not as well known as Bogart but certainly better qualified to handle the perils of a remote river clogged with breakup debris. Blaine was a master guide, far from a film star acting out his role. I had known him from our paddles on Maine's Kennebec River the previous fall. Physically fit and mentally keen, he had been a registered Maine guide for 40 years. Since his retirement after 31 years of middle school teaching, he has devoted all his time to hunting, fishing, and canoeing ventures, plus his Christmas tree farm in Norridgewock.

His commonsense approach to the outdoors is bluntly direct, "Prepare for every possible situation ahead." He also told me, "In my opinion, the inferred Outward Bound philosophy, 'the group should figure it out when it happens,' is shortsighted." As a graduate of a Colorado Outward Bound practicum (which provided three University of Colorado academic credits), I seconded the wisdom of Blaine's approach, one that avoids accidents and undoubtedly saves lives.

Blaine's hospitality is first-rate, too. His Norridgewock home has a full basement finished off with double-tier bunks, bathroom, showers, and laundry machines so he and his wife Sylvia have a complete room-and-board service. Before heading out or returning from trips, his clients join him and Sylvia and other family members for meals. These evenings become a time for discussing the forthcoming expedition with spread-out maps or even watching Red Sox baseball in the living room. I'm a Yankees fan, but fortunately Blaine doesn't hold that against me. As he once told a fellow guide, "If you don't like dealing with people, you won't be successful as a guide."

Above and beyond Blaine's reputation, I was going on this special trip for a most practical reason. Since no other guide, American or Canadian, offers commercially led trips on the Little Tobique, Blaine has a monopoly on the Tobique trip market. Even with that distinction though, he rarely heads for the Little Tobique, since Maine provides such fine options. "The big three in Maine are the Allagash, the Penobscot West Branch/Chesuncook, and the St John River," he said. "Other trips are much less in demand." For both Canadian and American guides, the most sought after rivers in New Brunswick are the Nepisiguit, the Upsalquitch, the Kedgwick, and

the Restigouche. The fabled Miramichi is not known best as a canoeing river, it is almost solely devoted nowadays to salmon fishing and conservation educational efforts.

As for me, I started serious canoeing as a counselor at various New England camps during school summer vacations. Once addicted, I took my first commercially guided trip in 1985, on Maine's St John and I have been at it ever since, usually making two, possibly three, trips a year with a variety of guides. I have always learned something new from each of them. My only regret is that I wish I had gotten started even earlier as the number of lakes and rivers is inexhaustible, too many for a lifetime. But at least this means that I have always had a new river to anticipate, in this case, the elusive Little Tobique.

Joining us at the put-in about 20 minutes later to complete our party of four were Gerry LeBlanc and his wife Debbie from the Bathurst area of eastern New Brunswick. I quickly realized that, in both appearance and spirit, Gerry and Debbie embraced a canoeing passion central to their lives. Probably in his 50s, Gerry, a native Canadian, worked for the province as a managerial ranger and, when called from his desk, would help fight forest fires.

I had heard of Gerry long before this trip, as other guides have mentioned him with great respect and frequently he is called upon for shuttle service for other expeditions. He has also been mentioned by outdoor writers, in particular, Bob Henderson, in his book *Every Trail Has a Story: Heritage Travel in Canada*, published in 2005. Bob recounted that Gerry had paddled and poled the entire Tobique waterway in 2003. Gerry knew his home rivers by heart.

About the same age as her husband, Debbie was originally from Connecticut. "We met at a paddling school," Debbie said, "where Gerry was an instructor." She learned her lessons well. The LeBlancs have gone on numerous expeditions, often with Blaine, a friend of theirs through the years. Although a newcomer, I felt immediately at home with everyone.

In a funny sort of way I suppose our two Old Town Tripper canoes were the fifth and sixth members of the expedition. Without them we would not have traveled one foot. In my experience, these legendary canoes have always held up. I came to understand their fame and reliability after taking a tour

some time ago at the Old Town Canoe Company in Old Town, Maine, where the general public could see the workmanship the company devotes to its products. There was also a longstanding tradition of Old Town canoe customers arriving with their mobile homes and trailer rigs at the factory. There, by prearrangement, they would pick up their custom-made wooden canoes (in the \$4,000 and up range) and drive away with their prize craft.

Inevitably, these devotees on their pilgrimages boosted marketing and sales. The tours also provided favorable publicity. After potential buyers and other interested parties viewed displays in the main showroom, a company employee would lead a group through the various rooms to see the stages of production. The confines of the shellac room, in particular, struck my nostrils with a stinging, pungent odor. "Old Town has 60% of the world canoe market," the guide told our group.

A few years later I happened to meet up with an Old Town executive and casually mentioned how much I had enjoyed the tour. "That's all over now," she responded. "We had to cancel those tours. Kids were snitching tools. Without any warning, they were also turning on the electrical switches to activate the power saws. We had to prevent the risk of an accident." Sooner or later such pranks could have injured a visitor, involving medical care and a probable lawsuit. Thus, a few petty thieves and rascals were responsible for shutting down the whole tour program.

But that world was forgotten as we finally pushed off in our loaded canoes. Within a few strokes we swung wide of fallen trees and then ducked while passing under the bridge where we had put in.

The Little Tobique is too beautiful, too mischievous, even too bizarre to dissect scientifically with a detailed guidebook approach. Every spring breakup, in fact, changes the river dramatically, fresh debris clogs the old passageways and new routes and leads open up. We all enjoyed the many challenges of this river; waterfalls, rapids, riffles, sleepers, strainers, woodpiles, and gravel bars. Ducking our heads suddenly and twisting our bodies jerkily to avoid overhanging limbs and half-in-the-water strainers, we became experts in evading these hazards.

To keep us doubly alert, we encountered many grass-and-gravel islands that split the

river into two wraparound channels. As we approached each of these middle-of-the-river barriers we quickly had to swing either left or right in hopes of committing to the most favorable route. Along the banks on both sides thick vegetation usually blocked any view of the distant hills and ridges. In any event, the weather would have kept us from seeing any open vistas, we had three days of fog, shroud, mist, and occasional breaks of sun. Fortunately for us the misty rain fell only at night.

By early afternoon on the first day we paddled up to the brink of Little Falls, which tumbled down a ledge into a rock garden. The drop was probably four feet. Our momentum halted as we took time to decide on a solution; paddle, line, or portage. We back-paddled to a rock pile with a safe eddy-out perch to anchor our canoes. Blaine instantly solved one of the immediate problems, announcing, "It's time for lunch." He passed along sandwiches and cookies. In the bow seats of our respective canoes, Debbie and I ate lunch while Gerry and Blaine deliberated the best course of action.

They decided to line the canoes on river right after Debbie and I stepped out onto the rocks. The lining required the most precise maneuvering to aim the canoes, one by one, through the spray to allow a minimal banging of the hulls, let alone rolling and dumping of the boats. With great agility, they lowered the boats with a hard plunge to the calmer water below.

By midafternoon, after paddling beyond the Mount Carleton Provincial Park boundary, we spotted a bearded man standing atop a high bank. In back of him, on private land, a hunting and fishing lodge was nearing completion. Gerry recognized the man and they spoke in French for a few minutes. Gerry reported to us that the entrepreneur was hoping to open his sporting camp later in the summer.

On my previous trips to New Brunswick I had frequently heard comments that the Tobique, another salmon river, was being gradually built up with such lodges and camps to capitalize on the recreational fishing trade. Americans were said to be the main clients. Whatever the rumors and realities, I was glad to be able to enjoy what was left before that inevitable era of development. I was in no special hurry; if the salmon could wait, so could I.

A far-too-familiar scene on the Little Tobique, massive debris heaps clog the channels.





No exit here. Gerry and Blaine resort to lining in order to swing the canoe clear of debris and stumps.

At every opportunity Gerry and Blaine cast with their fly rods and they caught three trout keepers for our evening meal. Gerry was the most successful, landing a beautiful 12" trout. After Blaine had fried the fish with crumbs to perfection, Gerry motioned me over to the skillet. "I live here and can have trout every day," he said. "This is for you, Dick. Please take it." I appreciated his kind gesture and split the fish in half with a spatula. I relished the nutlike flavor of the trout, a treat alone worth the expense of the trip.

After a good night's sleep, breakfast, and a brisk paddle, we arrived around noon at a camp association complex with cabins and road access. Gerry was a member and thus entitled to all of its privileges. The LeBlancs had to leave on this day so that Gerry could be back in his Bathurst office on Monday. "I am training a 25-year-old blonde," Gerry laughed. "She will be taking over my job in a few years."

We savored our last meal together under the shade of a tree. I promised I would paddle with them again, so their leaving was not as sad as it otherwise would have been. After packing and loading up, Gerry and Debbie departed for civilization. They also took the sun with them, as the clouds gathered.

In midafternoon Blaine and I encountered a major logjam above Bogan Pool. The barricade extended across the river so we searched for the easiest breakthrough point. But no luck, we had to go to work. We spotted a bare trunk lying in the water and even though someone had already tried, half-

heartedly, to chop through it, it still was too high for any kind of passage with our canoe. Blaine hacked away at the trunk with his axe to lengthen and deepen the slot, the blade splashing the water. Meanwhile, I stayed with the canoe and watched, no reputable guide ever wants his clients to use axes on trips, thus avoiding accidents.

Finally the obstacle was pared down to manageable size and we pushed the canoe up the passageway, tilting as if on a seesaw. A wild, out-of-control roll would have dumped the canoe. After much effort, we rocked the canoe over and down to splash into free water.

Our breakaway sprint was short-lived, however. Ahead a beaver house and dam extended laterally across the main bend, abutting a fallen tree. Again Blaine went to work, this time with his bare hands, to dismantle the logs, branches, twigs, and mud that the beavers had laid in place as precisely as if they were master masons. The stirred-up mud swirled with the downstream rush of water. Beaver-cut wood was swept away. "I've never seen this happen before," I said. "It's an old Indian trick," Blaine said, "ripping apart these dams." With the barrier now beneath the waterline, we relaunched the canoe, scraped over the submerged logs, and broke out of this trap.

Finally we arrived at a suitable campsite, a typical gravel bar on a bend before Red Bank Pool. The site was just a place to pull over, without any improvements, the way nature had created it.

We were pleased to have arrived here



Stick by stick, Blaine dismantles the beaver dam by hand so the canoe can get over the barrier.

at a decent time and within striking distance of the next day's take-out, but our exhilaration was short-lived. "I can't find the kitchen tarp," Blaine lamented, as he checked through everything twice. "The bag was in the back of my stern seat. I remember seeing it in place at the two barriers we came through." He kept looking. "A kitchen tarp is just about as important as a tent on a canoe trip. Without a tarp, you can't cook in the rain," Blaine said. "What probably happened is that a snag or one of the strainers hooked the tarp bag and ripped it off as I was paddling." It was the first tarp he had lost in all his years in the outdoors.

After supper in the chilly moist air, we went to bed early. During the long night I looked outside several times, no stars, just a murky sky. At 5am (Atlantic time) and first light, I peered through the tent's rear window. Blaine was already busy in the kitchen area. I sensed urgency, dressed immediately, and joined him as he was taking down and packing much of the gear. "We have to move out of here," he explained. "If a hard, cold rain comes up, we could be struggling against possible hypothermia. We have 13 miles to take-out, so we need to get underway." Blaine offered to prepare a quick meal, but I said, "I'm fine without breakfast. I want to hasten this process, too. Let's go."

As fast as possible, we broke camp and began paddling. At quick intervals along the way I managed to take bites from a banana. Blaine must have bolted down something earlier, he paddled strongly. Despite our early

The Little Tobique could accurately be renamed "The River of Snags and Strainers." Note Gerry in his canoe in the background, passing behind the debris pile.



Atop a beaver house sturdy enough to support him, Gerry waves to Debbie, seated in the canoe.



pessimism, the wheel of fortune gradually reversed and swung back our way. The weather kept improving. We frequently looked skyward toward a luminous glow, waiting for the sun to break through. As brooks discharged into the Little Tobique, the river kept widening and became a straightaway, with only a few tight turns or time-consuming oxbow loops.

Along the way, whenever we encountered an irksome problem, we resorted to choice epithets. Mark Twain was so right when he said, "When angry, count to five; when very angry, swear." So a swear word or two boosted our morale as we pushed onward. At a clearing, Blaine spotted a rabbit hopping around, a good omen, I thought. And so it proved to be. In full sunshine we finally reached our take-out at the forks of the Tobique, where we saw a hunting and fishing camp with riverside cabins. Here the fishing surely would be ideal, enhanced by the nutrients washed down by all the tributaries to attract and feed the salmon and the trout.

As I customarily do, at the end of each trip with every guide, I shook hands with Blaine in gratitude. We felt fulfillment. The Little Tobique was all that the four of us, Gerry, Debbie, Blaine, and I, could have asked for. A great river with paddling, fishing, camping, companionship, and solitude. Chief Toubic had wisely chosen the right place to live.

May the Little Tobique continue to be annually strewn with blowdowns, strainers, and overhangs so that only the most diehard canoeists will seek it out. Those easily discouraged will never bother to come here. Should overzealous developers be denied runaway construction, the Little Tobique would be spared and remain pristine. If such a day of exploiting the river never arrives,

Blaine, Gerry, Debbie, and I, along with the fish, will be happy.

Practical Information

For the services of Blaine Miller, contact:

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(207) 634-3748, www.allagashguide.com

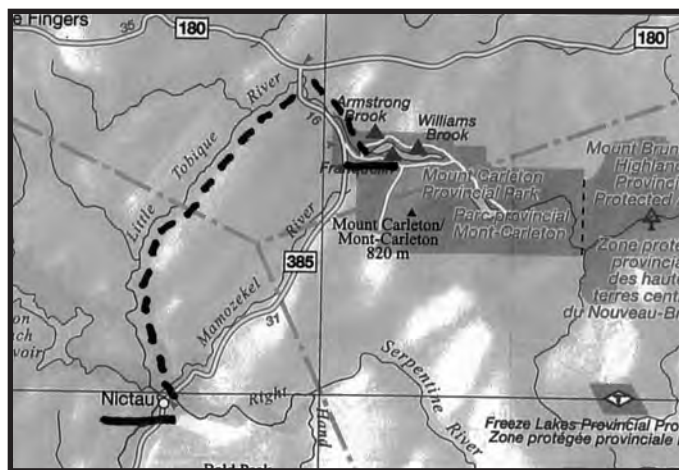


Map Reading 101, lab session. In knee-deep water Blaine and Gerry confer over the route



Savoring the last drop of coffee before breaking camp. As the morning sun glints in their eyes, Debbie, Gerry, and Blaine pose for the camera.

Bundled up in the early morning chill. Although this is not hunting season, I prefer to wear red clothing to be easily spotted.



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We launched *Hronrad* from the beach at Igoumenitsa. In early April it was warm enough to wear swim suits. Tony and I had trailed the boat across wintry England and France, then across sunny Italy, to cross by ferry from Ancona. Tony set off to drive home for his university term, and I rowed out into the calm morning.

Hronrad is an adapted Morag dinghy, 15' overall, 6'2" beam, clinker built, with no built-in buoyancy. I had added small side decks and stern deck, a mizzen, and water ballast under covers each side of the centreboard case. The tent was lashed across the boat aft of the mast and under the boom, so that it could be set more or less instantaneously. There was a spray cover always in place, so that the foredeck could be used for stowage, it became my bookshelf. Food was kept in plastic boxes to starboard of the mast. On the port side my root berth extended under the foredeck, and aft of it was the galley box, with the Primus. This was to be my comfortable home for four and a half months.

Such wind as there was came from the west, so I had to use my auxiliary power, a pair of 10' oars. I was to row for many miles in the coming months. That summer, 1986, was a lucky one for my trip, as I now realise. In later years we had calm mornings, but afternoons so blustery that sailing became impossible, but for my first venture I could usually sail in the later part of the day, and had very little weather that I could not cope with.

I rowed most of the five miles to the entrance of Igoumenitsa Creek, a long inlet to the north of Igoumenitsa. Then I could sail up to a sheltered bay near the head of the creek where I anchored. It was like the dreams one has about sailing in Greece. Goat bells sounded, as the goats were brought to a well on shore for water. When I went up the hill to explore I met their owner, who proudly showed me his plantation of young olives, and asked me to photograph him.

I had to pump a good deal during the night: it was some time before the boat took up after the long overland trip. The next day was calm again, and it was dark before I reached Petreti on Corfu, where I anchored. In the morning it was cloudy, and eventually a real wind came. I sailed fast to the Sivota Islands, where I spent several days in weather more like home. While I was there a lead boat from a flotilla came in, obviously getting practice for its crew in such manoeuvres as anchoring. When the weather improved I sailed on to Paxos, to the idyllic bay of Lakka, and the crowded quay of Gaïos.

There was a rough night there, before I could go on back to the mainland. I was crossing the water where it is said that a voice called out "Great Ilan is dead". As the wind rose so that I had to reef, the sea turned green and the sky darkened. I feared that Poseidon had trouble brewing for me, and indeed I ran into the only worrying weather of the trip. The thunderstorm broke before I reached the shelter of the headland west of Parga, as I rowed hard with sail stowed to get into the harbour there. The picture-postcard village of Parga was drowned in torrential rain, and I waited a day for better weather before venturing on the longest section of the cruise without easily available shelter.

It was twenty five miles to Preveza, at the entrance to the Gulf of Ambrakias. There was the usual very light wind against me, so I rowed past bays which might have offered uncertain shelter, and in the evening found a

Reminiscences of an Ionian Summer

By Joan Abrams

Reprinted from the
Dinghy Cruising Association Bulletin #205,
Winter 2009

(A modern odyssey:

Joan Abrams recounts the story of an ambitious cruise she made in Greek waters, undertaken shortly after she retired in 1986)



Hronrad in Igoumenitsa Creek.

little shallow harbour not shown on my chart where the locals advised me of the right place to anchor. I think it was close to Kastrosikia. During the night I was entertained by the classical "koax koax" of frogs. From there I had a better breeze to the entrance to the Gulf, and I was able to sail past Preveza town to an anchorage just past the narrows among fishing stakes on the southern side. At that time Acteon was not even a village, where now there are busy boatyards and a flourishing taverna.

The next lap was to the Levkas Canal, in those days crossed by a chain ferry, where now there is a lifting bridge known as a ferryboat. One is not supposed to sail through the canal so when I had crossed the eight miles from Acteon, (ancient Actium, where Cleopatra hoisted her sails and fled from the battle) I entered the canal round the sand spit which leads to it and lowered the sail, I had to wait for the chain ferry to let me past, with much shouting. I then continued past Levkas town where I remarked on the contrast between the traditional boatyard on the island opposite the town and the regimented uniformity of a flotilla fleet.

My next stop was at Nidri, which became the focus for the rest of the cruise. It was still like a village then, though expanding fast. It was the resting place of many who had retired to live aboard their boats. They were a friendly lot, and used to gather to chat with the locals at Nick the Greek's welcoming and unconventional taverna. There too was Falcon Sailing, where friends we had met on the ferry over from Ancona were looking after my trailer. The manager there was the only other dinghy cruiser I met. He had sailed a Wayfarer round the Peloponnese.

I had promised to meet a couple from my Greek language class in Ithaca at the beginning of May so when the weather served I went on through the Levkas Channel and

round to sheltered Sivota Bay, not then crowded out by flotillas. It was the starting point for the crossing to Ithaca, which I still regard as Odysseus's island as, of course, its inhabitants do. I scrambled round the hill-tops at its precipitous northern end in search of his palace, and went looking for the place where he met Eumaios, the pig herd. I met my friends, and then had a fairly rough sail back to Sivota.

After that I explored Meganisi, with its many convoluted bays. At that time an English couple were running a beach holiday centre in Abelike Bay, nothing pretentious, just a few huts and good meals. I visited Katomeri village where there was a bakery a village store and a butcher's. Then I sailed on to the islands of Kalamos and Kastos, passing by their magnificent limestone cliff formations.

My trip furthest south took me to barren lands, sunburnt and almost desert. At the port of Astakos I tried to legalise my position by getting a visa to stay more than two months. This proved to be so difficult that I didn't bother, especially as I was assured that the penalty for overstaying amounted to a few pence. I was hailed by a boat coming in to ask if I really did come from Heswall, as the board on my transom said. The skipper of *Blue Moon* had sailed all the way from West Kirby, and was a fellow sailer on the Dee estuary. He told me of the best anchorage in these waters in the long creek of Pan-delamona.

South of that the coast is deserted, though now I believe it is much obstructed by fish farms, and by a mysterious concrete development in one of the best bays. One creek which might have been a good anchorage was full of laid-up freighters. I went as far as the cave where the bats nest, on the hillside on the muddy bay past Petali Island and then turned back as my bread was stale. Before going back to Katonieri for more I went to the best bay of all, a quiet rocky inlet on Dragonera. When we went there in *Red Knot* ten years later it had been discovered, and several motor cruisers filled it, but now I had it to myself.

I returned to Meganisi and to Nidri, where I stayed between shorter trips for the rest of the cruise. I met Bertie Bloomer, sailing single-handed in the lovely old Falmouth quay punt *Twilight*. I was joined by friends from home, and later by Mary, who was to help trailer the boat home. With her I had a mishap, when a chainplate pulled out in the blustery afternoon breeze. I lashed things up, but we avoided long sea passages. We went back to Kalamos, and to the port opposite its northern end, Mytika. Mary went by ferry-

Damage due to chainplate failure.



boat to Ithaca, and my son Jan came, bringing the car in which he had been seeing northern Greece. With the help of the friends I had made, we beached *Hronrad* and got her onto the trailer for the long journey home. The sailing part of my summer was over. I set off with my rucksack to see more of Greece.

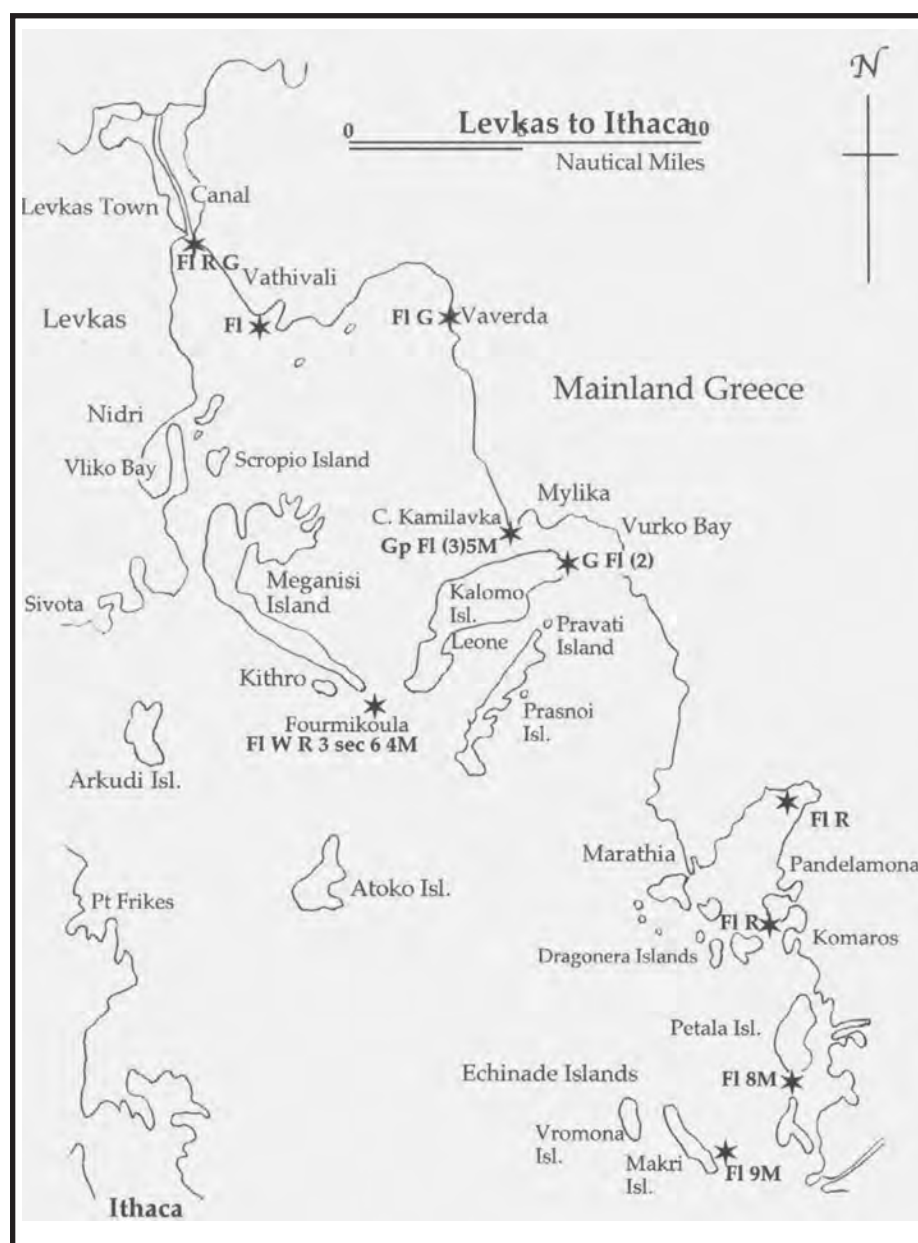
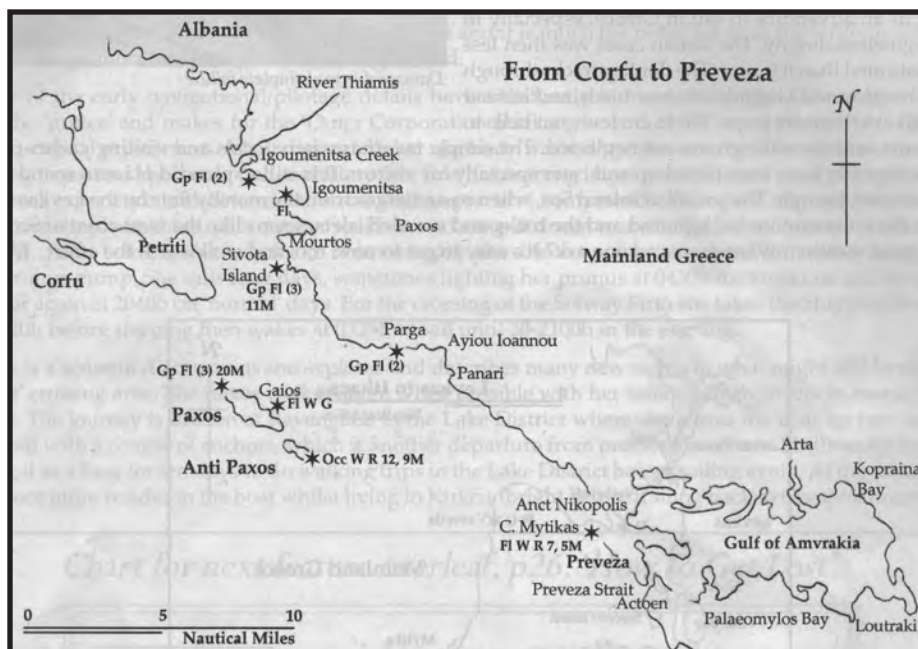
I think I did well to go when I did. It was still something of an adventure to sail in Greece, especially in an engineless dinghy. The Ionian coast was then less sophisticated than it is now. The donkey tracks through the olive groves of Meganisi are now roads, and instead of donkeys there are jeeps. There are few goat bells to be heard, and the olive groves are neglected. The simple tavernas where locals and visiting yachtspeople drank together have been tarted up and cater specially for visitors. It is still a splendid place to spend a sailing summer, though.

The so-called Inland Sea, when one emerges from the marshy flats by the Levkas Canal to see the mountainous background and the rocky and wooded islets, seems like the west coast of Scotland with good weather. What more can one ask? It's easy to get to now, too, and well worth the effort.



Sailing *Hronrad* near Meganisi.

Editor Comments: Joan Abrams died suddenly last fall at age 82 while still actively dinghy sailing, working on her boat at the time of her demise (see my "Commentary" in the February issue). This short narrative of her solo adventure 24 years ago illustrates her lifelong dedication to the simple pleasures of adventuring in small boats and why she was so vital a part of the DCA, of which she was one of the organizers and long serving editor of their Bulletins.



I did something recently that I'll admit I never expected to do. At least, I never expected to do it with a sailboat. Many of us will remember that little ditty we learned in grade school. It starts out something like, "She swallowed the frog, to catch the fly. I don't know why, she swallowed the fly..." The song goes on to indicate an apparently intractable chain of events made ever more preposterous in an effort to deal with a long-forgotten provocation. I think "she" ultimately swallows a bear to catch a wolf, or was it an alligator to catch a piranha? That song was, at least, a primer on international politics and even military escalation. Well, you get the idea.

So I attempted to back *Big Ole*, my trusty Chevy van, and *Lady Bug*, my well-travelled 16' pocket cruiser, up an ice-covered hill, through a snow bank, over a rock pile, and between a long dead tamarack tree and a nearly as long deceased Chrysler Cordoba. Perhaps you remember when Ricardo Montalban was still a sex symbol and he hawked those Detroit dinosaurs on his show "Fantasy Island?" Yep, a long time ago.

This little exploit also required me to place the front truck bumper up against a wooden porch step and then make a sharp turn to, ah, the right facing forward, that is. *Ole* has done just about everything I've asked him to do, both in the line of duty and above and beyond the call as well. But let me put it gently. *Ole* is a born and bred CALIFORNIA guy. Southern California, to be more precise. He don't really know nothin' about snow, and ice and cold weather. He's also only a two-wheel drive kinda guy. Around here in our new home in the woods of northeastern Washington State, the initials, "4X4" seem to be a form of shorthand for "testosterone."

Apparently only the most clueless city slicker (and, by local extension, that includes anybody from California) would venture more than a few inches from his heated garage in anything less than a huge pickup truck with a winch and snow plow mounts with auxiliary head lamps protruding ahead of the aftermarket grill-and-headlight-guards in front. I think you have to buy the tires for those things from Caterpillar. And, of course, it ain't official if your steed doesn't have TESTOSTERONE stamped in foot-high letters someplace on his withers.

Ole still sports the highway tires I bought him in Laredo, Texas, last summer. That was the day after we shredded one of the junkyard used shoes he had been wearing for a whole season of voyaging all over the western US. We were admittedly overloaded and the highway was some kinda HOT as well. And, after wrestling the remains of that exploded tire out from around the axle and leaf springs along that Texas highway, I bought the biggest, widest replacements I could find. And big and wide is just the thing when towing a heavy boat on really hot pavement. But big and wide is not what the doctor ordered when trying to push that same boat up an icy slope, in reverse.

So there we were, trying to put *Lady Bug* into temporary winter storage. Her assigned storage space in her heated barn was no longer available because I had certainly "swallowed the fly" and set a long chain of events into motion. Basically, we discovered that our 1,700sf barn/shop/garage combination isn't insulated well enough for prolonged human habitation when outside temperatures stay in the single digits. The

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

You Have To Put Your Hand in the Water

Part 2

By Dan Rogers

propane company is more than happy to keep the tanks full and the furnace humming. But that is just plain expensive. So we decided to go the full route and "build a house inside a house." Secondary stud walls, interior ceilings, heavy insulation, sheetrock. It's gonna be a thing of beauty and one heck of a "man cave." But EVERYTHING that could move needed to move out. Certainly two boats on trailers were on the top of that list. "And I don't know why, she swallowed the fly..."

Every time I attempted to make that turn to the right, the whole rig would jackknife, break traction, and slide back down the hill and threaten to remove my friend's porch. If I tried to do it "in column," *Lady Bug* was in imminent peril of doing a poor imitation of Paul Bunyan (actually, more on the order of Babe the Blue Ox) with that tamarack trunk.

After a couple more attempts my friend, Cliff, decided we should use one of his rigs (with the accepted standard number of drive wheels, transfer cases, and studded tires) to complete the mission. So after a series of moderately dangerous maneuvers to wrest *Lady Bug*'s trailer from *Ole*'s receiver hitch, to extricate *Ole* from his no-win battle against the forces of gravity, lubricity, and proximity, and to move *Lady Bug* to a snow-sheltered position in the lee of the old tamarack and abeam the veteran Cordoba, it was time to do a bit of stock taking.

Wasn't it just "the other day" that I was cussing the June heat of inland California? Could it really be two summers ago that I headed *Ole* and *Lady Bug* north from San Diego on our Big Adventure? So it would appear. Wow, two summers ago.

I had just hauled *Lady Bug* out of Channel Islands Harbor in Oxnard, California. We had more or less drifted around in the fog on a windless morning. The boat was secured to the trailer. The rig was secured to the boat. All the loose stuff was stashed in the cabin. Everything was put away. The sun came out and it was a beautiful day. A great day to go sailing. Did I mention that I had just put the boat to bed?

Since this was a trip of undetermined duration and unspecified length, and since I had in past years sailed nearly 10,000 miles with Channel Islands Harbor as base, it sort of made sense to get a move on. Back on the coast route for, er, someplace else.

The small boat group in San Diego, "SCUZBUMS" (Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society) has its annual Giant Five Day Messabout in August. People have been coming from all over the place to these events for about as long as I can remember. Among the more colorful of the out-of-town-ers are guys from an outfit known as The Bay-

wood Navy. These guys hail from the back bay section of Morro Bay. Their estuary had been on my list of must-dos for quite a while. "Navigator lay a course for Morro Bay."

Much of the rest of our country considers June as sort of still "spring." Once you leave the coastal strip of Ventura and Santa Barbara counties and head up into the California hills, there's absolutely no question. June is definitely summer. Back in San Diego I never really used air conditioning, especially living on the water as we do, er, did. Fixing *Ole*'s A/C just didn't quite make it to the top of the TO DO list. It didn't take real long to do the math. We were still over 600 miles from the Oregon border. Other than perhaps near Morro Bay, when driving the coastal strip from Monterey to Santa Cruz, the Bay Area, and maybe Eureka, there was just a whole lot of hot inland driving between me and the tall timber and snow fed lakes. Several days worth, if I was going to make a Voyage of Discovery out of it at all. Hmmm?

So we churned our way in a sort of zig-zag fashion through places like Lompoc, Santa Maria, Pismo Beach, San Luis Obispo, and on down to Morro Bay. When we got there (I say "we" because when an old van and a little red sailboat are your only travelling companions, they should be included in the discussion, don't you think?) there simply wasn't any water in the back bay. The tide was completely out. Islands of grass were separated by channels of mud. I had heard that Morro Bay can be sort of thin. But for a guy without A/C, and miles and miles of semi-arid Golden State freeways between him and temperate climates; the urge to move on took precedence over waiting around for the tide to return. So long, Morro Bay. Next wet spots: Nacimiento Reservoir and Lake San Antonio northwest of Paso Robles.

As I recall, this was a Sunday afternoon. As I got through Paso Robles and began to follow a narrow county road on out to the lakes, it seemed like every high-powered stinkpot in the entire country was on the road with me. Most of them were headed, apparently, for home. But scads of 'em seemed to be headed for the same place I was going. The closer I got, the less appealing a hot, windless sojourn on a California reservoir in the company of more roaring powerboats that God should allow became. But that particular road really didn't allow for easy return to the freeway and this was supposed to be a boat trip. So on we pressed.

As *Lady Bug* and her entourage of SUVs and gleaming V-8 powered ski boats edged our way up to the entrance guard shack, I discovered that I was going to have to pay somebody to float my boat in a municipal water body. I leaned out of the cab and asked the startled youth selling tickets a direct question. "Can I anchor overnight on the lake?" Apparently that isn't done a whole lot around there. He sort of stammered, sneaked a quizzical glance at *Lady Bug* with all her poles and wires and big old ballast keel and meek little four-horse kicker and said something like, "Er, you can anchor. But you can't sleep on your boat...we really don't do sailboats here..." Whereupon I made the most foolish u-turn, up to that point, in the Voyage.

There were very deep ditches on both sides of a decidedly narrow dirt road. The little guard shack straddled the centerline. There was an endless line of high-octane rigs expecting to exit by the opposing lane. With a flourish bred more by frustration than bra-

vado, I swerved into the oncoming traffic and with the feeling that all the right tires were overhanging the ditch, made the turn and headed for “freedom.” You see, my road rig is just about as long as a semi at 47’ (allow a bit more for the masthead trailing behind.) Our turning radius is simply abysmal.

Normally I need a minimum of three lanes and scrape the curbs on both sides to make a u-turn. Had I missed the turn and slid off into the ditch (possibly rolled over in the process), traffic would have been quite stopped for a long time. At this point I was beginning to wonder if I should simply trade *Lady Bug* for a small travel trailer and just “be like all the other kids.” At least I was beginning to see why there are precious few other people out on the highways towing a sailboat from puddle to puddle. Not ready, not by a long shot, to call the trip a failure. But, at least beginning to see some of the pitfalls.

We made it into the vicinity of Monterey Bay by nightfall. You know, legendary Carmel, Bing Crosby’s Pebble Beach, and places on the water of Steinbeck fame. I think it was a little RV park on the outskirts of scenic Prunedale where I found lodgings. Maybe it was world famous Gonzales. All I know, is that my tired eyes saw the sign “enter here,” and I obeyed. A long day. Hundreds of miles of driving. About 45 minutes on the water. Odd. I was the only rig towing a sailboat. Again.

The next morning dawned clear with the promise of temperatures into the 90s The Alpine lakes of central Oregon were looking better and better every time I pulled out the road atlas and traced all those miles and miles of hot freeways howling with an endless procession of 18-wheelers between me and just about anyplace else. At this point impatience and discomfort began to take charge. I had already tried an experiment with “personal air conditioning.” I filled a dishpan with water, set it on the floor next to the driver’s seat, soaked a towel in it, and wrapped the dripping towel around my head. Yes, that’ll cool me off. But more to the point, until I got the amount and duration of head soaking figured out, it’s one heck of a rush and a considerable headache. And for those of us who can’t really see as far as the windshield without glasses, water dripping down your face (and glasses, of course) can be yet another problem. This was certainly no way to enjoy a leisurely trip.

Without a whole lot of internal discussion, I simply headed north. There were a number of lakes on my “maybe” list in addition to San Francisco Bay. Among them, Berryessa, Sonoma, Clear Lake, Mendocino, and Oroville all fell off the list as I ground my way on up through Stockton and then on up the endless miles of the Sacramento Valley. Poor little *Lady Bug* was following along like a little kid trying to keep up with his mother on her way to the department store sale counter. Red Bluff turned into Redding. Not a particularly enchanting stretch of asphalt. The only reason anybody is out there is to get from someplace behind to someplace up ahead at well above the posted speed limit. Eyes on the mirrors, eyes on the dotted line, eyes on the dashboard. Every time I surveyed *Lady Bug* in the mirrors, she seemed to say, “Hey, what’s up with this? I’m a BOAT. I’m supposed to be in the water...”

The sign said “Lake Shasta.” We took the next exit, wormed our way down a twisting little dirt road, and came to yet another guard shack. California is nothing if it isn’t entrepreneurial. I paid the launching fee and head-

ed DOWN to the launching area. Shasta was over 100’ below where it’s supposed to be. I drove up to where the sign said “launching ramp” and the land disappeared. It was like that chase scene with Steve McQueen down Lombard Street in San Francisco. The road down to the lake was so steep that nothing was visible past the dashboard. More than a little scary. In fact, the launching ramp extended for most of a mile down, down, and more down to the rapidly receding water level.

I got out and surveyed the situation. In fact, I parked and walked down to the lake. It was rather eerie to stand next to what had been at one time the dock anchors for a marina that was now nearly a mile distant. The choice was to drive head first down to the water and turn around before putting the boat in or back all the way down there. I wasn’t sure that I wouldn’t tip over in the turn around at the bottom. The idea of riding the brakes all the way in reverse was equally unpleasant, all up, we’re about 10,000 pounds on the hoof(s). As I surveyed the parking lot, just about every trailer was strapped to either a big SUV or huge pickup with 4X4 stamped clearly on its backside. They all seemed to have trailer brakes installed as well (something that didn’t make it to my punch list until the following year). I began to wonder if I could even make it back up out of that chasm, if I managed not to tip over trying to turn around at the bottom. Oh yeah, for some reason we were the only sailboat, again.

After due deliberation, I headed back out the gate, found a campground for the night, and a much more agreeable launch ramp the next morning. Lake Shasta is an interesting place. The hills are rugged and tree-covered. Sadly there is this huge “bathtub ring” left from the current drought-induced

drop in the water level, up where it used to be. Just brown rocks and brown clay from the trees down to the water. Vegetation apparently takes a very long time to reestablish in this part of the world after the land has been submerged. The wind blows from every point of the compass. Way down there in what was once the Sacramento River course, wind follows the canyons, gulches, cliffs, and higher mountain ranges with a schizophrenic frenzy. I launched *Lady Bug*, found a place to park *Ole* for a day or more, and headed out. It was good to be floating again.

As it turned out, the best “chart” of the lake I could muster was one of those promotional brochures that have a sort of representational outline of the water, amply overspread with photos of young and nubile creatures frolicking and lounging. My map had a preponderance of shots featuring the floating pleasure dome craft (“houseboats”) they rent to contemporary “adventurers.” I won’t fault anyone for their personal idea of comfort afloat. But those folks on the houseboats apparently don’t have a need for precision navigation.

I had never been out on Shasta. She’s a big puddle, even emaciated by draught. If you sort of drop breadcrumbs along the path, it’s relatively simple to find your way back home. Hey, just follow the shoreline and eventually you gotta find where you started. The problem with the brochure-as-chart is the lack of a usable scale. If you have never been on a piece of water, it’s hard to know which of the twists and turns are the ones noted on the map. So keeping a DR becomes pretty much hit or miss.

As a result, I’m only vaguely aware of how far I went during the next couple of days. I found some iffy (and one delightful) anchorages. I can’t tell you what they



This parking lot used to be lake bottom.

Lake Shasta’s bath tub ring.



are called, or really where they are along the shoreline. But I do have pictures. Pictures of Mama Duck and her fleet of offspring patrolling the marge. Pictures of deer so tame (dependent upon the largess of houseboat-ers?) they sniffed at my bow pulpit while I drifted against the vertical "beach." A couple of 'em even stuck around to see what was for dinner. I think when they saw my array of cans and envelopes poised for amalgamation in my only cooking pot, the deer were considering whether to invite ME over to their house for a decent meal. I could see the sense of disappointment in their eyes.



Deer show up at dinner time.

Mama Duck and flotilla.



The normal strategy for the houseboat-ing majority is to ram the huge bulk of the craft into the shoreline (hillside, actually) and then attach it to the equivalent of climbers' pilons. Then most of 'em start frolicking and lounging. The frolicking requires a number of jet skis and at least one (often more) high-powered ski boat to be run in tight radii as close as possible to any available red sailboat in any nearby anchorage. I think the tighter



Lounging and frolicking.

the radius of turn allows for a more even rotisserie effect upon the largely undraped nubleness festooned about the lounging surfaces. Just a guess.

During my entire time on Lake Shasta, wherever it was that I actually went, I saw exactly one sailboat, and that was *Lady Bug*. There was always plenty of wind. Much of the time it seemed to be blowing from straight down. We would take a gust on the nose, ease off to find the groove, strap in, get headed, gybe unexpectedly, then sit and slat abjectly until the next vortex came to attack in about 30 seconds. Some of the most unpredictable wind I have ever experienced, probably a direct correlation to the number of sailboats out there. However, during the lulls when all the powerboats were either around the next bend, or not yet passing from the one behind, Shasta was both scenic and quite remote feeling. I'm pretty sure that the best time to be out there in a sailboat is during what the rest of the world calls winter, when jet skis morph to their near cousin, the snowmobile, and crawl ashore.

The lakes of the Colorado are a similar proposition. If you really want solitude, go when the whine of the jet ski and the thunder of the ski boat are stilled. I suspect that if my knees would still allow me to go snowshoeing, I'd have a similar report from our local snow trails. I'm pretty sure I can make a case for being quiet and unobtrusive while observing a family of goats on a ledge or a raptor stalking his prey. I'll have to leave it to the practitioners to explain why it's important to run at freeway speeds, with unmuffled internal combustion, between canyon walls. Anyhow.

After a couple of days of wandering amid the bends and canyons of Lake Shasta, *Lady Bug* returned to her trailer. Miraculously I found it, certainly not where I thought I left it. But I found it more or less in a place that looked vaguely familiar. Part of the deal is that now with water levels so far down, there are more islands and bends and dirt sticking

out where the map brochure just shows water. For the most part, depths are not a problem.

In some ways it's reminiscent of the Desolation Sound country of central British Columbia. You can pretty much anchor close enough to the shore to step off. And, like the BC bottom conditions, the normal nightly downslope winds will not only send you out away from shore, a single hook will likely pull loose and dangle like an oversized galvanized fishing lure. Too big to catch fish and no longer holding the boat where you thought you were going to spend the night. Those stakes in the beach do make sense. But then, adventuring is never quite so satisfying when it's completely practical. Know what I mean?

Besides, there is something existentially reassuring about swinging to the hook in your own little floating cocoon. I'd say that is the essence of this thing we call trailer-boat cruising. Otherwise, like I was saying, why not simply get a travel trailer and moor each night in an RV park? That way you never have to raise the mast or remember to stow the rudder.

We hauled out again, took one last look around, and found another one of those quaint little guideposts next to the trail pointing to "I-5 Northbound". And immediately we were back with the thundering herd.

That year, 2008, Mount Shasta was almost bereft of snow. The Ol' Girl had way more basalt showing on her flanks than permafrost. I was reminded of a quote in one of my favorite books on land-water voyaging, "Listen, mister. The world already has all the water it's gonna get. If I have more, somebody else is gonna have less..." California is certainly among the latter. Lakes down, down. Snow thin. Dry, dry, dry. And, did I mention, HOT?

When an unplanned vagabond such as I comes to a fork in the road with choices such as "Gazelle, Grenada, and Yreka" indicated to the left, and the likes of "Weed, Mount Hebron, and Dorris" off to the right, choices become a bit murky. Actually, the immediate decision involved the likes of a four-lane racetrack leading to semi-coastal, and pretty much urban, Oregon, or a two-lane racetrack leading to the high altitude wilderness of central Oregon. Without asking, *Ole* swerved off to the right. Mostly he was overdue for his every-200-mile hydrocarbon binge. That addiction momentarily sated, we headed for the likes of Upper Klamath Lake, Crater Lake, and the very lovely Cascade Lakes district of the Deschutes National Forest. I'll tell you about those places, if I see you next month.

We found our way back to the ramp.



Not much snow on Mt. Shasta.



The remodeling of *Solid Waste* produced a fine looking craft indeed. It had a proper cabin and windshield along with elegant cockpit sides, all salvaged from a real boat, and it looked the part of a well-thought-out and proportioned craft ready for some open sea trials. We decided to try it out in Salem Sound. Up until now we had been borrowing tow vehicles because neither of us had a suitable one, and so it continued all during the use of the boat. Fortunately OJ worked at an auto dealership where he had use of the company pickup truck, a brand new four wheel drive Chevy, and it did the job very nicely.

The usual drill for an evening's outing was, in retrospect, a rather involved way of getting on the water. First the tow vehicle had to be borrowed, then the boat on trailer had to be towed to a gas station to fuel up both, then a stop at a sub sandwich shop and a beer store, then a stop at a bait shop, and finally, get to the ramp and pay the launch fee, all of which used up much time and a fair amount of money, or so it seemed. But at last we were afloat and underway.

The most convenient ramp was the one behind the bowling alley on a somewhat silted-up branch of the Bass River which joined with Beverly Harbor after we got past the railroad bridge with the commuter trains rattling overhead, and under the power lines running in from the North River which always seemed to buzz as we passed beneath. We then made our way past the plant that refined radioactive stuff during the Second World War, and later past the remnants of the chemical docks that were now paved over and sporting condominiums, and finally the Atlantic Ocean presented itself as most of the gold-plated Marblehead and Manchester yachtsmen saw it.

The new helm position allowed a better ride, being a bit farther back from the bow and the windshield on the cabin top afforded protection from the spray which was diminished by having extended the spray rails all the way to the stem. This, along with a couple of handy grab handles strategically placed on the top edge of the cabin, made the ride much more comfortable. We made our way out the channel and along the fashionable North Shore, lined with stately old mansions, and headed out to about Gales Ledge. I had had some luck with cod fishing here in the past and so we picked a likely spot and dropped anchor.

The anchor which had come with the boat was a minuscule mushroom suitable for holding a canoe in a pond but not enough for ocean use. Fortunately I had been lucky enough to find one that had fallen off someone else's boat on the street one day and it looked more like an anchor, not a first class yacht anchor but rather one from the economy section of the KMart boating isle. It was a little light but had the right shape and the price was right. Anchor line was another place where we economized. We had some line which we kept adding to whenever we found a suitable piece. After all, we would be aboard while anchored so if it failed it could be dealt with immediately and thus posed no great danger.

Dropping this beauty required some patience as it did not sink quickly, rather it sort of fluttered down to the bottom like a falling leaf, and when it reached the ocean floor it sort of dragged a bit and it needed just the right kind of bottom to work at all. The bottom near Gales Ledge featured some kelp and so we kept an eye on the rate of slip-

Adventures in *Solid Waste*

Part 3

By Henry Szostek

page as it bumped over the weeds but at least it slowed our drifting. We dubbed this the "Famous Flying Tin Anchor."

With the anchor down we set up a pair of deck chairs against the back of the house and set some fishing lines and started in on the sandwiches and beer while we waited for the fish to do their part. The fish were polite and did not disturb us while we were having supper. As we sat there the boat was held head to windward and the house and windshield provided a quite comfortable windbreak allowing us to observe the passing yachts in comfort.

One of them was making its way towards us beating to windward in a moderate to light breeze, it looked as if it was going to pass to the right of us as we sat there, obviously at anchor, but the kelp kept slipping off the "Famous Flying Tin Anchor" so we slowly crept along. The skipper of the yacht was trying to point as high as he could and did not want to tack for such as us so he held his course which, as he approached, came closer and closer to us. As he came within a boat length of us it was too late to alter course and he struck us a glancing blow along the starboard side with a passing cry of "Sorry," to which we responded with a loud name of a bodily orifice. A quick glance at the side showed that there was no great harm done, a little of his paint marked our side and we were sure that more of ours marked his side so we did not pursue the matter.

The fishing was not very productive so we upped anchor and proceeded back to the launch site, on the way we happened to see another craft of similar dimensions and style to ours headed in the same direction. Well, any time two similar boats are headed the same way at almost the same speed the question arises as to who is faster. We put the throttle in the full-ahead position and waited to see if the other did the same, which of course he did. I crouched down a bit behind the windshield so as to lessen wind resistance and we very slowly crept into the lead and when it became obvious as to who was faster, the other craft bore off a bit and dropped back as if to say, "Well, we weren't actually racing anyway," but we were satisfied.

We made our way back under the bridge and turned up toward the North River to try our luck there. The North River is a small tidal stream that has its origins in some wet spot in the backside of nearby Peabody and then wends its way through "Blubber Hollow," a collection of tanneries which gave the town its local moniker of the Tanner City, famous for a leather tanning industry that dates back to times before the Environmental Protection Agency was formed and it was acceptable to use the river as a convenient dump for tannery waste. It then flows past a couple of automobile junkyards before flowing under the buzzing high-tension powerlines along the railroad tracks.

It was here that we dropped anchor in shallow water and proceeded to catch flounders that all had some kind of lumps on them that did not look too appetizing so we did not keep any, but they provided some amusement in the catch and release type of fish-

ing so prevalent now with other species. As we sat there we were treated to the passing sound of commuter trains and entertained by the sound of returning outboard boats heading up the Danvers River as they found the mussel shoals in the middle of the river that were just awash at half tide and so provided a convenient spot to run aground at full throttle with no great harm done but with considerable embarrassment to the operators who had obviously misjudged the tide. There would be the steady hum of an outboard exhaust ending abruptly in a loud raucous grating sound as the lower unit encountered mussel beds and the props were instantly remodeled into less than optimum shapes. We made note of the area and proceeded by them with caution as we returned to the launching ramp.

With *Solid Waste* safely on the trailer and headed home, we declared the remodeling a success and looked forward to more and better voyages that summer.

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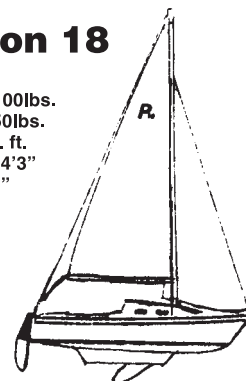
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When the men were around to watch the kids and when beach weather prevailed, the ladies of Holiday House liked nothing better than to float on a train of inflatable tubes anchored among the rocks. The presence of just-submerged boulders kept motorboats out of the area. Offshore from the beach, surrounded by the gentle splashing of the waves, under the hot sun, conditions were perfect for conversation between my mother, my wife Frann, sisters, and sister-in-law. No one could eavesdrop or interrupt.

Sometimes the well-sunscreened ladies would read, nestling a rolled-up beach towel under their necks to find a comfortable position. The same fat paperbacks got passed around and talk of their plots and characters drifted and swirled among the girls. They would read some of the juicy parts aloud, savoring with those who had already read them.

Occasionally the girls dozed off. They couldn't resist the wavelets' gentle motion and the soporific splashing sounds. Frann told me later that she never felt safe enough to go to sleep because of fear of drifting out to sea. My sister-in-law Barb was also less likely to nod off because she checked periodically on my brother Matt, who was usually out in the middle of the harbor on his sailboard in those pre-child years. Barb herself was never interested in reaching for the southwesterlies with Matt. To float, read, and chat with the other ladies was heaven enough for her.

Sometimes I'd sail past the flotilla in the Snark to ask if they needed a drink or anything. If the wind were right, I'd tow them to a preferred anchorage. Usually though, they just waved back contentedly and stayed put.

The Navy Anchor Holds the Flotilla

To hold the rafted tubes in place, my sister Jill used my grandfather's dinghy anchor, a plump little 10lb Navy-style that's proven reliable for all kinds of boats. It never failed to hold position, even when motorboat wakes lifted and rocked the tubes.

The prevailing onshore breeze made returning to the beach easy when floating time was done. The lead rafter, usually Jill, would pull up the anchor enough to hold it off the bottom. The whole train would quickly blow and ride the little harbor waves to a gentle landing.

Cape Cod Harbors

Floating Ladies

By Rob Gogan

Back on shore, the men and kids frolicked in the water or sat under beach umbrellas reading. If it were naptime for any of the young grandchildren, the father often would bring a portable child monitor outside so he could hear when the baby awoke. The range was far enough to reach Holiday House from the beach. As long as the baby was sleeping quietly, the father could sit on the beach with the rest of us, on standby.

The Boys Go Fishing

We fathers liked to take the older kids fishing. We had an aluminum johnboat which was comfortable if the waves weren't too choppy. The thwarts were wide enough to offer a decent bait-cutting surface, and the flat bottom offered a good place to set a tackle box, net, and bucket for the anticipated catch. We had a couple of proven productive anchorages for scup. Our landlord raved to us about the good fishing in the abandoned original channel of the Cape Cod Canal about a quarter-mile west of Rocky Point. At the right tide, the big striped bass visited the old channel at a spot within 100' of shore.

We tried a few times but were not lucky in the designated area. We were going for a different catch anyway. Our landlord would have thought little of returning home with only a scup to show per fisherman. He would have used the scup for bait for the 10lb bluefish and striped bass he sought. But a 6" scup was a worthy prize for a five-year-old and provided a sweet supper for lovers of fresh seafood, including me.

One day my brother-in-law Alan rowed out to take his son Chris fishing. They came back with a healthy little scup for each of them. The trophies were destined for my plate as I was hungry and willing to eviscerate them. Alan and I took the fish into the kitchen to clean them. The little boys were eager to see the guts. It so happened that I had changed the 9-volt

battery in our monitor during my "Daddy Duty" that day. I had put the dead battery in my pocket and forgotten about it until I started cleaning the fish.

Jolting the Dead to "Life"

I cut off the head of the scup and looked at the exposed spinal cord. Something made me think of the battery in my pocket. I remembered Volta's experiments applying electricity to frog's legs. My seventh grade science textbook had printed his woodcuts about the experiment. What would happen if I applied the parallel posts of the 9-volt to the exposed nerves and muscles of the fish? I touched the battery to the scup's spinal cord to find out. Suddenly the muscles twitched in a well-coordinated swimming motion, sweeping the tailfin back and forth several times. I was so startled that I dropped the fish back onto the cutting board. Alan, the boys, and I looked at each other with amazement. "Did you see that?" we asked. Ellie, age 7, had heard the boys' shrieks and came running into the kitchen to see what was so exciting.

"Ellie, come look at this," Alan said. She came over and I jolted the fish's spinal cord again, this time keeping my grip. Ellie and the boys squealed with delight and surprise. "Go get your mothers," I suggested, and they ran off to get Frann and Jill. They, too, were surprised and gratifyingly disgusted to see a dead fish wriggle. Jill said she thought I was being a little disrespectful to make such a spectacle of the deceased animal. I pointed out that it was dead and that I was going to eat it shortly and that it did not die in vain. She grudgingly admitted that those were mitigating circumstances.

The next day the ladies would do it all again, catching up on the book plot events from the previous evening's read, or tidbits of family gossip, or whom they'd met at the kids' morning swimming lessons. No doubt they also enjoyed being far away from the men's disgusting scientific spectacles!

Though their craft was lacking in maneuverability, the ladies of Holiday House enjoyed the same things about their rafts that we all enjoy about boats; separation from the shore and its sometimes demanding inhabitants, relaxation on bobbing and gently splashing waves, privacy, and companionship with the others out on the water.



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NorseBoat 21.5 Cruiser

Hull #1 Underway



NorseBoat 21.5 Cruiser with standard white hull and centerboard.

NorseBoat Limited has begun construction of their NorseBoat 21.5 Cruiser. Hull #1 is currently being built at their Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, shop using modern wood/epoxy construction. Subsequent production NorseBoat 21.5 Cruisers will be constructed using a high quality glass/wood/epoxy composite. Optional all-wood construction will also be available.

The NorseBoat 21.5 Cruiser is the largest in NorseBoat's line of high performance sailing and rowing craft. Her sisterships include the NorseBoat 17.5 Cruiser and the recently launched NorseBoat 12.5 Cruiser/Tender. These versatile, trailerable daysailers and camp cruisers have earned the reputation of "the Swiss army knife of boats."

NorseBoat founder and president Kevin Jeffrey developed the design for the NorseBoat 21.5 Cruiser in cooperation with Mark Fitzgerald of Fitzgerald Marine Architecture, Camden, Maine. Mark drew the lines of the NorseBoat 17.5 Sailing & Rowing Cruiser while working at Chuck Paine Yacht Design.

Production of the NorseBoat 21.5 Cruiser is proceeding on the strength of five initial orders and strong consumer interest in a NorseBoat of this size. The NorseBoat 21.5 Cruiser has distinctly NorseBoat lines and features, plus interior accommodations for two adults and two children, a self-draining cockpit, and innovations unique to this design.

The sail plan is a high performance, easy to handle cutter rig with fully battened



NorseBoat 21.5 Cruiser with optional black hull and fixed keel.

mainsail, signature curved gaff yard, pivoting carbon mast, self-tacking jib, and optional furling drifter/reacher headsail.

Customers can choose the standard ballasted centerboard or optional low-profile fixed keel. The fixed keel option can temporarily replace the centerboard when sailing in deeper waters or keeping the boat at a dock or mooring. The NorseBoat 21.5 Cruiser is strong yet lightweight, has a seaworthy hull shape, shallow draft, some rowing capability, and is trailerable and able to be towed with a normal vehicle.

Specifications

LOA (on deck) 21'8", 6.60m
LWL 19'7", 5.97m
Beam 7'1", 2.16m
Draft (board up) 0'9", 0.23m
Draft (board down) 3'10", 1.17m
Draft (fixed keel) 3'0", 0.91m
Mainsail area 143sf, 13.28sm
Jib area 54sf, 5.02sm
Drifter/reacher area 120sf, 11.15sm
Mast height off water 22'0", 6.71m
Lightship displacement 1280lbs, 580kg
Rowing stations 1
Berths (1) V-berth, (2) quarter-berths
Propulsion electric or gas/petrol outboard

For More Information:

NorseBoat Sailing & Rowing Cruisers
Kevin Jeffrey, (902) 659-2790
kjeffrey@norseboat.com
www.norseboat.com

Goings on at the Lucas Boatworks

By David Lucas

Happy Hour Club

Here in my shop in sunny Cortez, Florida, building the boats is fun and happy hour in the new Happy Hour Club bar/tiki hut with the cast iron stove is really fun.



Annie's Precious

Irwin Schuster did this beautiful drawing of *Annie's Precious*. It's for sale. I should call Stan's new boat just "China" instead of "Nancy's China." As you can see from the pictures, they aren't even close. He got the idea from the original and then changed everything. A major change is that it'll be cat rigged for maximum cabin room.



Messing About in Boats, March 2010 – 25



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This is another building project where I'll stand there and watch him do these beautiful curves by eye in about an hour and think how easy it looks, how come I have such a hard time doing it? Notice how his curved cockpit matches his curved stern. Did I tell you that he was an art teacher for 30 years? He can see shapes. He's now getting his hatch cover and doors figured out. This is still the biggest little boat I've ever seen.



New FGCTSCA Site

Here's our new Florida Gulf Coast TSCA website, Kayak Kathy has done another fine job for us.

<http://fgctscs.weebly.com/index.html>

And here's a photo of the banner Irwin Schuster designed and had made for us. It encompasses all we stand for, a happy manatee diving into a sea of beer. He calls it "The Happy Hopper." Helen thinks we should name him "Suds" since he's jumping into an ocean of beer. We put him on our flagpole here at the shop along with the Scuzbums. Annie made us honorary members (I think it comes with the purchase of the pendant).



The Kayak from Hell

Sam is building the kayak from hell. This boat is 20 feet long, has about 20 different chines, the deck is built like the bottom, and it has three large openings. It's like nothing I've ever seen. During the cold Sam still was trying. He would come over, get out of his car, stand there for a few minutes, get back in and go home. I don't blame him.



Ted Cook's Model Melonseeds

Ted Cook's Cortez melonseed model that is the most fantastic kit I've ever seen. It's 23 inches long and was made from the full size boat's plans. The parts were laser cut and it includes everything, even the clamps. It has all of the molds for forming the lapstrake hull and mast, boom and gaff with all hardware including the tiny blocks. Ted gave 20 of these kits to Roger for the museum that will be sold for \$120 each.



John Latta's Melonseed #9

John Latta has his Cortez Melonseed #9 blocked up and ready for the finishing. Notice it's indoors, even Texas is cold. Where the hell is global warming when you need it? She is pictured here earlier all packed up and ready to head out to Texas. I've been getting major flak for letting this one go but Mike Wick vouched for the new owner. We expect to see a major award winning finished boat, John.



Jim's Carpenter

Jim is coming still coming along with the Carpenter. This cold weather is slowing all of us down.



Helen Marie

Progress on my new boat, *Helen Marie* was also slowed down by the cold. We had the longest cold spell in history this month so not much got done. It's really simple to shoot these strips on if my hands work. How do you northern guys get anything done?

I put the stem on *Helen Marie*, she looks good with the 8" higher sides. I'm also extending the stern a couple of feet and making a plumb transom. Since this whole boat is a result of a 13-footer blown up, this is just one more step to the perfect boat.

I finished planking the *Helen Marie* and now it's on to sanding and filling and more sanding. I actually like this part. It took me about two weeks to plank up this hull, probably a total of about ten actual work hours. I'm always saying how easy it is to do this stuff and it is with a big open shop with all of the right tools right at hand, like air for the brad guns and blowing dust, saws and drills all over, a table saw and chop saw right at hand.



And for All of You in the Frozen North

After the cold spell went away a bunch of us planned a kayak trip up to Crystal River to see all of the manatees. It's been reported that we'll see hundreds of them all around us. As usual, we're all on our own so don't blame me if you fall in and get eaten by a manatee. Some are talking about bringing along dive gear, brrrrr!

Up here in Michigan we've been looking at all the pictures of warm blue waters, palm trees, and boat builders in T-shirts and shorts on Dave Lucas' website down there in sunny Florida. Now it's time for "The Rest of the Story." Our 16th annual New Year's Day Paddle took place on the Kalamazoo River in Southwest Michigan. As usual, a good time was had by all, it was gorgeous out there, the temperatures balmy in the low 20s with a little bit of snow and a little bit of sun. Also as usual, the giant wet burritos at the end of the trip were the perfect capstone.



The Rest of the Story

By Pete Mathews

Photos Compliments of Susan Mathews

We choose a section of the river that runs through state land so it's peaceful and quiet for the most part. We do occasionally encounter fishermen in boats on the river fishing for steelhead, and some years there are snowmobiles in the woods. This year was quiet. This stretch of the river is below a bottom draw dam so it's warmer water, meaning only that it doesn't freeze. As for humans, yes it would be frigid.

We encourage all who participate (we've had up to 30 boats one year) to practice very conservative techniques on this trip or any of the cold weather trips we do. All are encouraged to wear PFDs, though not all do. We also encourage dry bags with a complete change of clothes and other safety items such as fire-starting materials, sleeping bags, painters on the canoes, and I always carry a throw bag. Several of us have some training in rescue, both river and other types, and medical training up to and including a physician and an EMT most years.

In those 16 years we've only had one canoe go over, that due to the occupants doing things they shouldn't have been doing. All were fished out, gotten into dry clothes and, at the end of the trip, into a warm restaurant. The boat (another cedar/canvas canoe) was retrieved unscathed with the only loss being some pride and a camera.

A major aspect of the event is adjourning to a local Mexican restaurant to partake of their giant wet burritos and hot beverages. This part of the tradition is as well upheld as the paddling itself, better by some.



The International Scene

Since the Port of Paradip in India had more than two million tonnes of coal already piled up, it refused to accept any more coal ships. The limited availability of "railway rakes" was cited as the problem but the definition of that term is vague. It is Indian (and sometimes British) railtalk that may refer to a train of railcars, a train without the locomotive, or even a means for dumping railcars of coal into ships.

Do not be surprised if nuclear power reappears in the shipping world.

Use of biofuels is being increasingly required but biofuels, especially those known as fatty acid methyl ester (FAME), are proving to contaminate marine fuels. Suppliers can no longer guarantee that some FAME will not be in the fuels they deliver.

Although oil's price has more than doubled from the low of \$33 a barrel about a year ago, it is still far below the peak \$147 of mid-July 2008 and rates for chartering a VLCC on a one-year basis remained reasonable. Recent figures ran about US\$30,000 a day.

Thin Place and Hard Knocks

A few of many casualties and other events during just one month.

Ships sank or nearly sank: Off Turkey the coal-loaded bulk carrier *Ogan Bey* took in water in rough weather, listed, yelled for help, and then rolled over and sank an hour later. Twelve of the crew were rescued but four went missing.

About 45 miles off Singapore the offshore tug/supply vessel *Ocean Lark* capsized and sank, taking with it 11 of its crew. Two survivors were plucked off a life raft.

East of Sebiria Island, part of Indonesia's Thousand Island archipelago (actually, there are only 105 islands of any consequence) a passing fisherman picked up two mariners in a life raft. They were what was left of the sunken *KLM Muara Amanat's* crew.

Off Lebanon the *Danny FII*, a livestock carrier converted from a car carrier, went down. Rescuers saved 38 men, three were known dead but 41 others plus 10,224 sheep and 17,932 cattle went missing. (Most of this very large crew were probably livestock handlers.)

Ships collided and allided: The cargo vessel *Kapitan Matveev* sailed through four fish farms in Turkey's Gullak Bay and did serious damage to them. Worse, some fish escaped.

In the Baltic, the cargo ship *Sirocco* carrying 5,100 tonnes of fertilizer veered out of the channel from Vyborg to the sea and took off the top of the Ityapalu beacon.

Ships ran aground: At Drepanon in Greece the bunkering tanker *Alexandroupolis*, possibly lacking local knowledge, managed to get itself aground.

Photos showed the container ship *CSCL Hamburg* stopped and nicely bow up in the Gulf of Aqaba, the grounding thus interrupting its voyage to Singapore.

On the Estonian island of Aegna the tanker *Pacific Empire* ran ashore but was freed that evening. Major damage to the ship but no spill.

In western Scotland the breath of the Polish master of the coaster *Fingal* was four times over the legal limit for alcohol when he hit rocks off the northeast tip of Jura, not far from the Cottyvreckan Eddy, the third largest whirlpool in the world and the maker of noise that has been heard ten miles away. He was fined £3,300 and lost his job, probably ending his career of 40 years at sea.

No grounding this time, but at Southampton the cargo ship *Balu C* was act-

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

ing erratically as it tried to berth so police checked. The Russian master was three times over the legal limit and the next day he was tried, found guilty, and fined £2,000 plus costs. He also lost his job with its annual income of £50,000.

Foul weather caused two Gibraltar-based fleetmate tankers to run aground in neighboring Spain. One dragged its anchor and hooked the other vessel's anchor chain. The *Vemaol XXI* ended up on a sandy bottom just metres from a rocky breakwater while the smaller *Vemaol IX* hit bottom a few metres to seaward. Both were towed free but both then became ensnared in the ensuing Spanish detention and investigation.

The container ship *CSSL Hamburg* badly damaged itself when it drove up on Jackson Reef in the Strait of Tiran near the Red Sea's Sharm El Sheik at full speed.

In the Canakkale Strait the geared bulk carrier *Lady Juliet* nosed up on the bank for unknown reasons after failing to acknowledge multiple radio calls from the Strait's Vessel Traffic Services.

Elsewhere in the Bosphorus the *Ümit K* went aground while carrying marble from Marmara Island.

Fire and explosion took their toll: At Houston, welding on the freighter *Chipolbrok* set fire to unused crates and other debris and the help of a fireboat was needed. At least that's what several news reports said. But *Chipolbrok*, a name highly visible on the vessel's sides, is actually the name of a Chinese/Polish heavy-lift company and the vessel was actually its *Taixing*.

At Sydney, Australia, an accommodation-area fire on the containership *APL Colombia* sent 16 Chinese mariners to local hospitals.

In Venezuela a fire that started in the mess of the bulk carrier *Aegean Wind* killed nine and injured five others including a Greek female officer trainee.

Fire in the car carrier *Pyxis* off Japan that destroyed 2,800 new luxury cars may have started in a new Toyota and it killed the 65-year-old chief engineer, apparently from fume inhalation.

The container ship *Maersk Duffield* had an engine room fire as it approached Brisbane and a crewman was flown ashore for treatment. (A month earlier a helicopter winchline broke as a paramedic and helicopter crewman were being lowered to the same ship. They were badly injured).

Other humans got hurt: A Filipino seaman fell and seriously smashed up his face on the bulk carrier *Apollo* somewhere between Georgia and Turkey and he was transferred to a Bermudian pilot boat five miles off that island and taken to the island hospital.

In the Pacific the wife of a Filipino stevedore was killed on a Manila wharf when hit by a piece of equipment. Her husband suffered a broken leg.

Other events: The car carrier *Sea Ahmed* was sedately outbound in Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay when suddenly the port anchor and chain ran out. The ship used its starboard anchor to park safely off-channel while the

ship-blocking metallic pile-up on the channel bottom was located, retrieved, and reinstalled.

The bulk carrier *APJ Suryavir* broke down 544 miles southwest of Adak Island in the Aleutians and, rolling viciously (up to 45° rolls), was adrift for several days. The bulk carrier *Maersk Altair* headed for it to take off the crew of 28 but the engine was repaired and both ships resumed their voyages.

At New York the chemical tanker *Sichem Defiance* was loading 55,000 gallons of ethanol when one tank became over-pressurized and ruptured, allowing a one-meter section of the deck to collapse. Photos showed the anchored tanker listing for some not obvious reasons.

Off New Zealand's North Island the bulk carrier *Taharoa Express* took on a 65,000-ton slurry of ironsand from a beach and developed a list while en route to Australia. Helicopters took diggers to the ship and the problem was solved. (This is the second time in recent months that this ship has suddenly developed a list and authorities, and many others, are getting concerned about its tipsy tendencies).

Ironsand was also involved in the abandonment of the North Korean *Nam Yang 8*. A shift of its 2,600 tonnes of ironsand caused a 46° list that stopped the main engine. The crew managed to reach the Philippine shore and the unmanned ship drifted on.

Gray Fleets

India has paid the US Navy \$100,000 to ensure that American submarine rescue equipment will be flown in on 48-hour notice (instead of the normal 72-hour notice) if an Indian submarine sinks. The two-component rescue system can be used from most merchant vessels. One component is a remotely operable submarine that can retrieve 16 submariners.

One US Navy petty officer was so affected by the terrorist attack on the destroyer *USS Cole* off Yemen nearly a decade ago that he had been fighting constant panic attacks and even seizures ever since. Several days after Christmas he lost the fight, possibly dying from a seizure.

Russia is not only talking with France about acquiring one or more advanced helicopter carrier assault ships but is discussing the possibilities with the Netherlands and Spain.

The Royal Navy is getting ready to lift a ban on women serving on submarines. The decision may come out at the same time as a decision whether women can serve as front-line infantry. (Norway, Denmark, Australia, and Canada already allow women to serve on submarines and the US is considering it, too). If Royal Navy women get the OK, they will be barred only from mine-clearance diving and the Royal Marines.

White Fleets

Signatories to the Antarctic Treaty called for compulsory guidelines for ships operating in polar waters. They also discussed search and rescue planning and called upon port states to inspect all tourist ships before they sailed to the Antarctic. As an emphasis to the deliberations, the 100-passenger expedition ship *Clelia II* bumped its starboard propeller against rocks at Petermann Island (just to the west of the Antarctic Peninsula), losing both the use of that engine and electrical power. Fleetmate *Corinthian II* was nearby and arrived within an hour and then escorted her damaged sister back across Drake Passage to their homeport of Ushuaia, Argentina.

Not a cruise ship but pertinent to this discussion: The Spanish Antarctic support vessel *Las Palmas* was carrying the first two

members of this year's Bulgarian Antarctic expedition (Bulgaria is one of 26 permanent members of the Antarctic Treaty) when it lost power in Drake Passage and had problems struggling back to Ushuaia for repairs.

Australia's Governor-General was present as the new Sydney-based cruise ship *Pacific Jewel* was introduced to the Sydney public. Less than 24 hours later the pilot, about to take her out on her maiden voyage, noticed "an oily substance" between the ship and pier and the maiden sailing was delayed until that condition was cleaned up.

Some claimed a three-day cruise out of South Africa on the *MSC Sinfonia* was a "debauched orgy" but the master only commented that "South Africans like to drink... some had to be helped to their rooms."

Failure of a generator engine and a fresh-water leak caused the *Seven Seas Voyager* to skip a call at Antigua. Instead, it headed straight for San Juan and repairs.

And a beach in the Yasawa Group of western Fiji was where the small cruise ship *Reef Escape* was blown by tropical cyclone Mick. No passengers were on board.

In 2006 a fitness instructor on the *Norwegian Crown* slipped on a wet floor (recently washed because a female using a nearby treadmill had been sick) and seriously injured his back. A sympathetic and generous jury recently awarded him \$9.5 million, largely perhaps because he is now incontinent and impotent.

Norovirus hit two ships of the same cruise line on Christmas and New Year's cruises. The *Balmoral* had 342 passengers and nine crew sick while the *Boudicca* had 286 passengers and nine crew feeling awful. Although 30 passengers on the *Queen Victoria* were sick with a winter vomiting bug, their number failed to reach 15% of those on board so the cruise ship was allowed entry in the US.

The new cruise ship *Queen Elizabeth* will be the third Cunarder to carry that name.

Those That Go Back and Forth

Heavy winter winds caused the eight-months-old Canadian ferry *Atlantic Vision* to stay at sea for 30 wearisome hours instead of making the usual six-hour passage between North Sydney in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland's Port aux Basques.

The Philippines was the usual scene of multiple ferry incidents, some deadly: The ro-ro ferry *Baleno-9*, described as a hand-me-down vessel, sank in fair weather off Isle Verde and only 73 were saved. But two more passengers later showed up, having been traumatized such that one couldn't speak or remember for almost two weeks.

The wooden-hulled double-decked ferry *Catalyn B* collided with the fishing boat *Anatalia* (or maybe it was the *Nathalia*) and sank south of Manila and 25 were missing or known dead.

The *Shuttle Ferry 8* was carrying mostly women returning from a Christmas holiday. It went aground near Dumaguette City after a steering failure and 130 passengers were taken off safely.

The *Starlite Nautica*, with 222 passengers, lost engine power so sister *Starlite Navigator*, also with 222 passengers, took it in tow. Somehow during the night they bumped lightly and passengers started to panic and got into lifejackets.

Elsewhere the ro-ro *Torrejos* with 222 passengers (again!) hit rocks (due to strong currents) a mile from its destination and calmly waited for high tide as its passengers were taken off by the *Vanessa*. These inci-

dents and others caused the Coast Guard to require use of snap-on lifejackets in place of the old tie-many-strings type.

In India an overloaded river ferry capsized on the Runarayan River in West Bengal (it's in eastern India) and local fishermen were only able to save 11 of the 38 or more that were on board.

In British Colombia a passenger on the *Queen of Oak Bay* suffered a suspected heart attack and the ferry turned back to Horseshoe Bay. He lived.

On the Amazon near the remote village of Monte Alegre the *Almirante Barroso* capsized and sank. Thirteen died although 94 others survived.

Legal Matters

The Greek-owned cargo ship *Matterhorn* emptied its tanks off Brittany, creating a 22km-long oil slick. The owner faces a \$1.4 million fine.

Illegal Imports

Tipped off by a customs service risk analysis, Amsterdam authorities let a drug-sniffing dog lead them to a particular container just unloaded from a ship from Jamaica. Inside was the whiskey listed on the manifest and also 1,100 kilos of cocaine with a street value of €30 million.

And the hydrographic research *Destiny Empress* was carrying more than researchers. Cocaine worth €375 million on the street was found on the vessel 200 miles off Spain. Scotland Yard was involved somehow.

Metal-Bashing

The world's largest ship, the 564,650-dwt ultra-large crude carrier *Knock Nevis* (now under her scrapping name of *Mont*), will be scrapped in Pakistan or India. China was the original destination but a "green" scrapping there would have cost the owner \$4-5 million because of a higher scrapping price. But Norwegian car-carrier Höegh Autoliner will scrap ten of its fleet in China because of that nation's green ship-scrapping practices.

In Bangladesh, four days after an explosion on a tanker being scrapped killed four workers and injured ten others at Chittagong, another four workers in another yard nearby were injured when a sheet of steel fell on them.

In India at Malpe, an explosion killed a grinder at work inside a tank. Two others just managed to escape and irate co-workers protested the accident by throwing stones at the office of the company, its vehicles, and even a police vehicle parked nearby.

In Bangladesh the explosion of a gas cylinder on a tanker being scrapped killed four and two more were missing. At Singapore a shipyard crane toppled, killing a worker and injuring three others.

Nature

The big Dutch fishing trawler *Maartje Theodora* is the first fishing vessel to use the SKYSAIL system (a kite) to reduce fuel consumption en route to its fishing grounds off South America and Africa.

And the new Norwegian oilfield supply vessel *Viking Lady* is unusual in that it has its superstructure aft. It is also the site of the first full scale at sea test of fuel cell technology.

Several hundred icebergs, some of which broke off the Antarctic ice sheet ten years ago, were heading for New Zealand and Australia but none seem to have come within eyesight.

The big tug *Pathfinder* was designed to provide safe escort for tankers transiting Alaska's Prince William Sound. In particular, it was to keep them off Bligh Reef where the *Exxon Valdez* had grounded so disastrously. The *Pathfinder* had just completed an ice survey when it ran over Bligh Reef and similarly breached some tanks and lost oil. This time, it was volatile diesel fuel and not very much of it.

The Coast Guard LORAN station on Attu Island (the westernmost island in the Aleutian chain) withstood wind gusts of 178mph and more than a 1½' of snow with only minor damage. Sustained winds were 125mph, equal to a Category 3 hurricane.

The Antarctic whale wars are on again. In addition to the usual killer boats and processing factory ship, the Japanese sent the fisheries vessel *Shonan Maru No. 2* as a protection vessel and mounted a water cannon on its high bow.

TV game show emcee Bob Barker donated \$5 million to the Sea Shepherd, which purchased a vessel (ironically a former Norwegian whale killer) and gave it his name. The Sea Shepherds also got the use of the weird trimaran *Ady Gil* (it recently established a world speed record for transiting the globe on biofuel). Its *Steve Irwin* located the Japanese whaling fleet but the real action seemed to involve the *Ady Gil*. It and mother-ship *Bob Barker* harassed the *Shonan Maru*, coming dangerously close enough to throw stink bombs, trying to blind Japanese crewmen with green lasers and dragging ropes to entangle the ship's propeller while the *Shonan Maru* made sure the *Ady Gil* was well-washed. Nobody indicated any knowledge of the internationally adopted Colregs (collision regulations) and eventually video released by both sides showed a motionless *Ady Gil* suddenly moving from the starboard across the bow of the *Shonan Maru* as it turned hard to port. They collided, the bow of the trimaran was torn off, one man's ribs were bruised, and the *Ady Gil* later sank. Interestingly, meanwhile there was no news of the actual whale-killing fleet being harassed, so who won?

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Somali pirates continued to hijack ships, release ships when enough ransom was paid, and, in general, behaved themselves with some restraint and dignity while numerous warships from many nations valiantly tried to patrol a vast area.

In Nigeria militants made a "warning" attack on an oil pipeline and may start attacking ships again as a cease-fire showed signs of fraying.

Odd Bits

A Turkish energy firm is converting four cargo ships into floating power plants able to move where needed by their own propulsion. Iraq may be the site for the first one.

In the UK, the Essex Yacht club holds its meetings aboard the ex-Royal Navy minesweeper *Wilton*. During the Christmas Day dinner the ship moved and the gangway was no longer safe to use. The Leigh-on-Sea fire brigade was called in to help.

Head-Shakers

A crewman on the bulk carrier *Konmax* off Australia was fishing about 25 metres above the sea. A wave splashed his face and suddenly he was experiencing extreme agony. Doctors later determined that the water had contained a minute tentacle from the tiny irukandji jellyfish, the most venomous creature in the world.

What better a time to write about my favorite kayak as I just got back from paddling in Salt Creek in it. Here's the background. About 30 years ago my sons and I built two stick and Dacron kayaks. One was 7 feet long and the other 8 feet long and they still exist. I was paddling the 8' one along with the grandkids just this last summer. They loved it. One problem does come up from time to time and that is leaks from sharp stones and the like. That's easily fixed, of course, with good old duct tape, but that's after experiencing another wet fanny. Soooo... four years ago I decided to build all wood.

This "Most Used Kayak" was originally my brainchild built so my wife could paddle in dry comfort alongside me in the backwaters. Here it is. The sides are single slab and cut on a diagonal for extra length out of two sheets of 4'x8'x1/8" meranti plywood. By using the diagonal cut, I gained another foot in length along the sides. The leftover pieces were then used to cover the bow, gunwale, and stern. I designed it with a sharp cutting bow and a big flare out at amidships. To my surprise I ran out of side plywood at the stern and had to improvise a vertical aft bulkhead for the stern! Yes, it did cause water turbulence and drag.

The flat keel was 1/4" outside plywood and I used three custom bulkheads and four knees under each cockpit armrest or rail. For the edges of the keel, I water soaked quarter round stock and jugged it to shape the keels rounded curvature. Once the quarter round was dry, I epoxy glued and nailed it to the keel's edges. I've since found the stitch and tape method much easier and faster. Next I mounted all the bulkheads and glued the sides on.

Now it began to look like a boat! Fiberglass tapes were used inside and out to waterproof the seams. Stringers and carlins finished the top sides. 1/8" plywood was custom cut and brass screwed to the top bow and stern. The leftover narrow 1/8" plywood strips were glued and nailed to the gunwale stringers and knees. Three coats of Min-Wax Helmsman urethane spar varnish were applied to the outside and two inside completing the project.

The cockpit measured 3'8" long and 20" wide at my waist tapering to 11" wide at the forward bulkhead. This forward bulkhead has a large lightening hole in the middle to accommodate my feet when stretching out. The bulkhead behind my back has cutouts also for storage. Water tests proved it to be leakproof. Whew! I paddled it about and was pleased with its easy quick maneuvering.

Favorite 'yak at shore, transport dolly removed, and skeg ready to be installed.



My Most Used Wooden Kayak

Or My Favorite Wooden Kayak

By Bob McAuley



Take Apart sawn in half. What next? I'm still writing the story...

However, it tracked to the left when gliding and was harder to paddle than my Mill Creek 13'. It slowed down too fast during the glide. My Mill Creek glides better.

To cure these bad habits, I devised a skeg, a small wood and aluminum triangle shaped hollow housing attached to the aft bulkhead to ease the flow of water past the vertical stern. It gives the correct stern pointed shape so necessary for streamline flow of water. After several water trials, the aluminum skeg was finally bent just right to make the kayak track straight. There is a small 1/2" gap between the skeg housing and the stern bulkhead which is easily covered with red duct tape as I desired.

The boat now seems easier to paddle with the skeg in place. The skeg is easy to install as it slips under a grab handle on the aft bulkhead. I just drop in two machine screws through the skeg and into the bulkhead. That grab handle does double duty, for when the skeg comes off, the assist wheels go on, enabling me to hand haul it to my waiting mini-van. It fits easily in the mini-van with the passenger seats removed. Its bow fits snug between the driver's seat and the front pas-

senger seat The skeg rides in the cockpit when in transit. The skeg installed adds 16 inches to the rear of the kayak, so that the overall length of the kayak ends up at 10'4"!

The bad news... Alas. My wife won't use the kayak built for her! Her knees won't let her get up and out. I'd need a crane. Oh well, I'll just have to paddle it myself. I really like it. I've been paddling it now for four years. It's a little tight for fishing but I manage. It will float a 180lb adult. It weighs 25 pounds empty. My one daughter has paddled it five miles down the Fox River three times in the annual YMCA Tri-City-Challenge. Every time I take it to the park on Salt Creek at Fullersburg in Hinsdale, Illinois, walkers spot it and come up with all kinds of questions and give thumbs up! It's a happening, I should be so lucky.

Transporting these small kayaks is trouble-free as I built a small wooden horse that I keep in the mini-van just two feet inside the rear door hatch. On the back of the horse I've mounted four mini wooden rollers in a straight line with each other. The horse sits where a rear bench seat would be mounted. One kayak rolls under the horse's back while the second kayak is lifted bow first onto the rollers followed by raising its stern and rolling the top kayak forward onto the beverage table between the two front seats. It's like they're piggy-backed.

My third 13' Mill Creek can then be mounted on the rooftop if three 'yaks are needed! In my search for easier paddling, I built the Mill Creek using the stitch and tape assembly method. It's a fine paddling craft but I can only transport it atop my mini-van. That's a two-man job just mounting it up there and time consuming tying it down. I decided I really wanted a 13' kayak that would fit inside my mini-van.

Hence my Take-Apart wooden kayak was born. Has anyone else built one? I don't know. The Take-Apart idea started with that skeg I used successfully on my nine-footer. I also checked into E-Z Riders take-a-parts built in Seattle. Those were too expensive for my weekly paddling. So I started designing and have built my first 13' wooden Take-Apart kayak. It's still in its water trial stages but I'm pleased with the results so far. Making it watertight is of paramount importance as we hope to paddle many dry miles. It was built using stitch and tape but with slab sides. It was built as one piece and so far I've only cut the stern off. I'm trying different methods of attachment. I hope to have it ready by spring.

More to come...

Flag's raised and I'm ready to paddle on Salt Creek.





Tough glue job of bottom to sides with variable angle for best bow shape for speed.



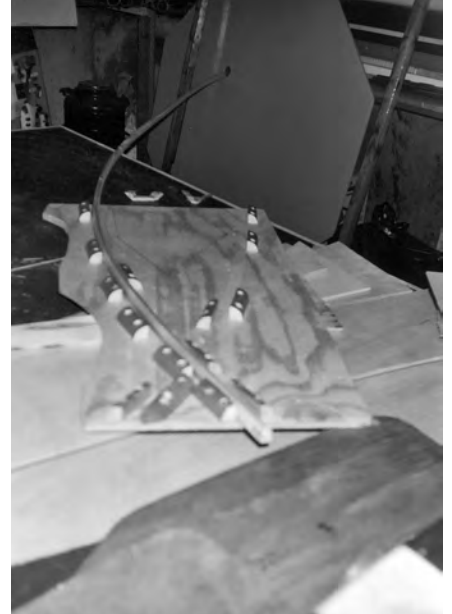
Every boat has to have a stern.



New 'yak and 2+lb bass caught from it ten feet from shore.



Interior bulkheads custom cut to fit and fiberglass taped and nailed into place. Very time consuming. Note backrest lower support and upper dowel support.



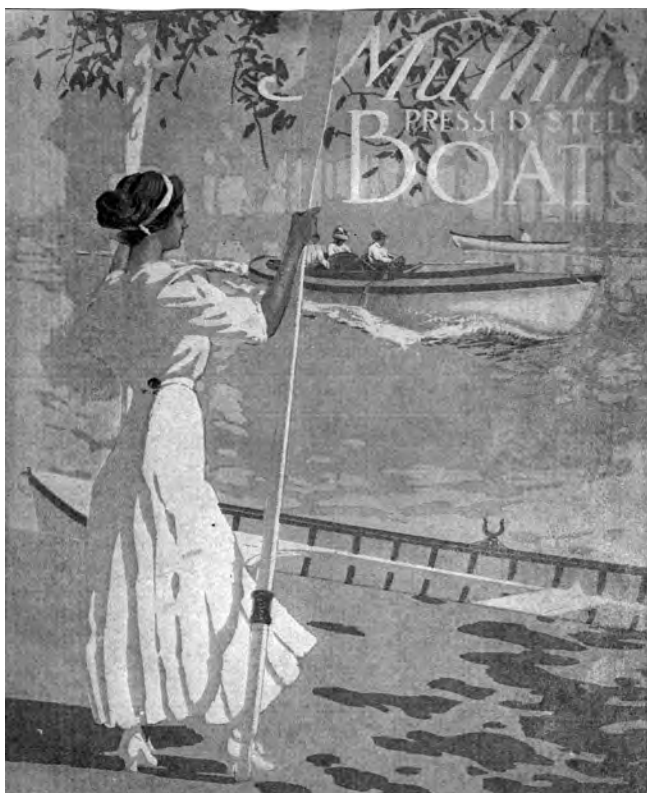
Jig used to form water-soaked stringers to fit keel edges bow to stern.

My daughter Amanda ready to practice for the "Tri-City Challenge" on the Fox River near Yorkville, Illinois.



My son Mike on a chilly day with my two 'yaks on the abandoned 1848 Illinois & Michigan Canal. Foreground is my Take Apart, rear is the Mill Creek 13.





MULLINS PRESSED STEEL BOATS



The W.H.MULLINS COMPANY
SALEM, OHIO. U.S.A.

1912



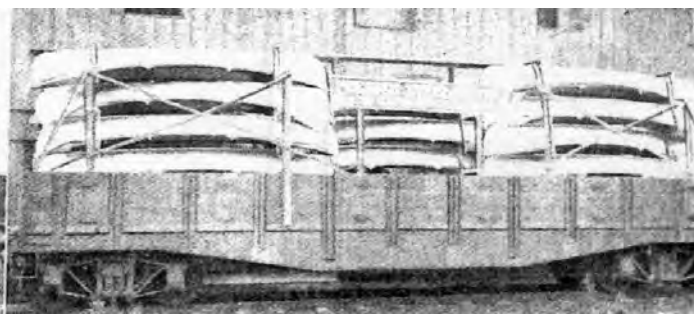
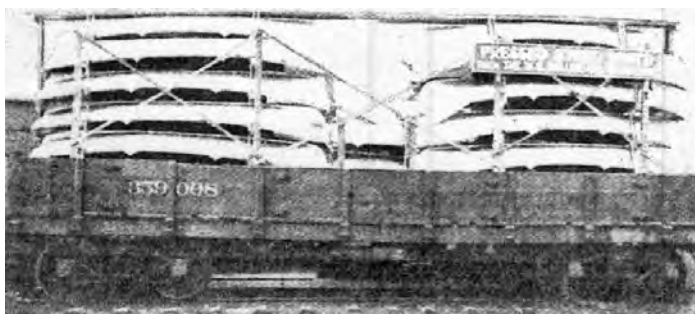
Finest Boats in the World for Parks and Pleasure Resorts — Cannot Sink



The Greatest Ladies' and Children's Boat in the World

The Ideal Boat for Pleasure Resorts — Easy to Paddle or Row

Over 100 Carloads of Mullins Boats Shipped to Boat Liveries Last Year.



MULLINS PRESSED STEEL ROW BOATS

Why are there over 25,000 Mullins Pressed Steel Row Boats in use?

Why are there in the neighborhood of 12,000 Mullins Pressed Steel Row Boats in public parks and pleasure resorts all over the world?

It is because we have demonstrated that the Mullins Pressed Steel Boat is superior to all wooden boats. Hundreds of pleasure resort owners who were looking for the most durable and trustworthy boat they could find, would not have taken up this steel boat as an experiment. They did not discard their wooden boats and replace them with Mullins Pressed Steel Boats until comparative tests had thoroughly convinced them that the Mullins Pressed Steel Row Boat was what we claimed it to be — **THE BEST BOAT IN THE WORLD**. The safest boat ever placed on the market. The lightest, most durable, the easiest to row, the trimmest and most graceful row boat afloat.

We will give you a few reasons why Mullins Pressed Steel Row Boats are the most popular and widely used row boats in the world.

LIGHTER THAN A WOODEN BOAT — Because in our construction we do away with the bulky and cumbersome wood hull with its heavy framework. The longer you use a wooden boat the heavier and harder it becomes to row, a Mullins Steel Boat remains light, clean and is always easy to row.

MORE DURABLE THAN A WOODEN BOAT — Because they are constructed of strong galvanized steel plates, pressed to perfect and rigid form in immense dies. The method of fastening these plates insures a hull as strong, rigid and secure as though pressed complete from one large plate of steel. The hull is thoroughly braced and strengthened by a frame of the best oak keel and steam-bent oak ribs.

EASIER TO ROW — Because they are lighter, more buoyant, and the smooth steel sides offer no resistance to the water.

DO NOT WATERLOG — Because steel cannot absorb water, which is the greatest trouble with all wooden boats. The Mullins Pressed Steel Boats do not gain in weight; do not become wet, disagreeable or unfit for use.

DO NOT LEAK — Because the few joints in the boats are made by countersinking, riveting and soldering, practically a welded joint, making a leak impossible. This insures a dry, clean and comfortable boat, always ready for instant use.

REQUIRE NO CARE — Because steel does not dry out, warp or open at the seams and joints as wooden boats will when exposed to the weather. If you have not a boat house, turn them up-side down on the bank so as to keep the interior clean. An occasional coat of paint is the only attention necessary.

DO NOT SINK — Because in every boat we build there are thoroughly tested air chambers, similar to those in a life boat, and your boat **CANNOT SINK**, insuring the safest and most desirable boat for family use, for public parks and pleasure resorts.

BEST BOATS FOR SUMMER RESORTS — Because you can use them during your vacation, store them away during the winter, and upon your return the following summer, your boat is ready for immediate use. It requires no calking or filling of joints.

BEST LIVERY BOATS — Because they are light and easy to row. They are dry, clean and comfortable, and best of all, they are absolutely safe. Boat liverymen will find that the Mullins Pressed Steel Boats will increase the revenue from their boating, as the public will enjoy and use a boat that is easy to row, comfortable and safe, in preference to the old-fashioned boats.

FINAL — We have thousands of letters in our files from satisfied owners in all parts of the world, and we will be glad to send these original letters upon request.

I have seen copies of an article in *Harpers New Monthly Magazine*, Issue 335, published in New York in 1878, advertised for sale or sale by auction on the internet and elsewhere, and became interested in this article in that perhaps it is one of the defining documents of canoe sport, or at least one which one should refer to when delving into the origins of our sport. The article appears anonymous, however, it is firmly believed that the article was written by W.L. Alden who, incidentally, designed the Shadow, and the article appeared later in "The Canoe and Flying Proa," and the theme continues into "Cruise of the Canoe Club," also by W.L. Alden. It becomes blatantly obvious, when reading the article, that Alden "was blowing his own trumpet" and at the same time doing down the designs of his contemporaries. [Tony Ford, Ed]

To Mr John Macgregor, of the Inner Temple, belongs the proud distinction of having invented a new pleasure. Other men have invented steamboats, railways, telegraphs, mere devices to increase the hurry and rush which are the bane of modern life, but Mr Macgregor has invented canoeing, the most perfect of all possible out-of-door sports. Canoeing contains all the delights of yachting, and in addition many other delights of which the yachtsman knows nothing. To use a delicately poetic figure, it bears to yachting the same relation that quinine bears to Peruvian bark.

It is the active principle of yachting set free from costly suppers, tyrannical sailing masters and the endless war of keel and centre-board. The canoeist cruises not only on the sounds and the sand-girt bays of the Atlantic coast, but on the wild and rapid rivers of the remotest wilderness. His paddle is the key that unlocks the secrets of mountain streams and admits him to Hesperidean gardens of which other men can only dream. To have lived and loved was considered by a German poet to be a very satisfactory thing, but the man who can say, "I have lived and paddled," has alone known perfect happiness.

Everybody knows that Mr Macgregor built the Rob Roy, the pioneer of all cruising canoes, and by the story of his cruises on the Rhine, the Danube, the fords and lakes of Norway, and the Syrian waters of Pharpar and Abana, stimulated hundreds of his fellow countrymen to follow his example. The cruising canoe is as unlike the barbarous birch or dugout as a schooner yacht is unlike a raft. It is a craft in which a man can sail or paddle in rough or smooth, deep or shallow water, in which he can travel by day and sleep at night, and which, in case of necessity, he can take under his arm and drag around an impassable rapid or over a portage from one stream to another. No other craft permits its owner these priceless privileges; hence the canoe, having made that possible which before was impossible, is an invention of incalculable value to the lover of nature and open air sports.

There are many types of canoes. Mr Macgregor has remained faithful to his Rob Roy but other canoeists have varied from that model in search of absolute perfection. The best four models of cruising canoes are known respectively as the Rob Roy, the Nautilus, the Herald, and the Shadow. The former two are English and the latter two American in their origin. Each of the first three has its peculiar merits and defects, but it is claimed for the Shadow, the latest of them all, that she is the final solution of the problem how to build a perfect canoe.

The Perfect Canoe

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*

In addition to its peculiarities of model, every canoe has its own moral character. This may seem strange to the mere philosopher who has never made himself familiar with the habits of canoes, but it is strictly true. Between two echoes of the same model, and built by the same builder, there may exist a tremendous moral distain. This is the case with two canoes belonging to the New York Canoe Club which have often cruised together. The *Ethel* is ill-tempered and vicious. She constantly abrades her owner. At one time she will tear his clothing with her cleats, and at another will bite pieces out of him with the edge of her combing or the extremities of concealed screws.

On the other hand, the *Violetta* is as harmless as a kind and cultured mastiff, and possesses a degree of skill in threading her way through a channel obstructed by sunken rocks which is simply marvellous. Nevertheless she has one grave fault, a persistent determination to break loose when anchored or tethered for the night. So continued is this habit that the owner of the *Violetta* never dreams of leaving her afloat without someone to watch her, and always drags her ashore at night and fastens her with a lock and chain to a large tree.

Now to the ordinary observer the *Ethel* and the *Violetta* are precisely alike, and yet there is a crowd of credible witnesses who will testify to the moral idiosyncrasies just imputed to them. What the moral character of a canoe may be, the builder can not foretell and experience can alone declare. Of all canoes, however, it may be said that they require to be tamed before they abandon their native fondness for mischievously pitching their captains overboard.

The proneness of the untamed canoe to capsize is undeniable. Certain models are less addicted to this fault than are others, but the canoe owner is never safe until his craft has become accustomed to him. The canoe is much stiffer than the racing shell, but far more crank than the rowboat. Nevertheless, as soon as one becomes familiar with the canoe, all danger of capsizing vanishes except, of course, in connection with sudden squalls or a heavy sea, combined with gross mismanagement on the part of her commander. Properly managed, the canoe is the safest craft afloat and no canoeist who can swim well enough to support himself for half a minute in the water has any excuse for drowning while cruising in a good canoe.

There are two requisites which necessarily belong to every cruising canoe, of whatever type. The canoe must not weigh more than 70 pounds, and must be capacious enough to be slept in by the captain at night. A canoe weighing more than 70 pounds can not be readily taken over a portage by one man, and a canoe that can not be slept in is not a canoe, but an insufficient hollow mockery. But there are other requisites which belong to the perfect canoe. Swiftess under sail, ease of handling under paddle, strength, stiffness, capacity to carry stores, imperviousness to rain, inability to sink even when full of water, and last, but not least, beauty of model and finish are qualities which every canoe builder strives to secure, but which are found to their fullest extent in the Shadow only.

We in this country have a decided advantage over Englishmen in the possession of white cedar wood, which is the best possible material for canoe building. With nearly the strength of oak, white cedar is much lighter, and never warps. A 14' canoe which, if built with oak planks, would weigh 80 pounds, can be built of white cedar and will weigh not more than 60 pounds. White cedar, however, should be used only for planking. The keel, keelson, timbers, and combing (or wash board) must be oak, the stem and stern posts hackmatack, the deck Spanish cedar, the carlines pine, the trimmings black walnut, and the paddle spruce. Experience has proved that for use on all waters an extreme length of 14 feet on deck is quite sufficient, and a canoeist who is not over five feet tall can use a canoe 13' or 13'6" long.

It must be admitted that the ownership of a canoe, like the ownership of a yacht, tends to develop hypocrisy and mendacity. The canoeist always maintains that the canoe of which, for the time being, he is the owner is as nearly perfect as any canoe can be. Of course, no one expects a man to tell the truth as to the speed of his boat, but it is very sad to hear an otherwise upright and trustworthy man praising his Nautilus of today with the same vehemence with which he yesterday praised his now discarded Rob Roy and to know that he is nevertheless keenly conscious of the defects which he will freely impute to the Nautilus if he ever becomes the owner of a Shadow.

There is one estimable gentleman in this city who owns a Herald canoe, the only type of canoe that is not decked over and that freely admits rain into its cabin. This perverted person has been known to sit shivering in three or four inches of water after a cold shower and to unblushingly boast that his canoe was virtually dry, with the exception of two or three drops of collected spray. And yet he would scorn to tell a lie about a cherry tree or anything of that sort. A Herald canoe undoubtedly dulls one's regard for veracity more rapidly than any other type of canoe, and this fact should be remembered by conscientious men when choosing a canoe.

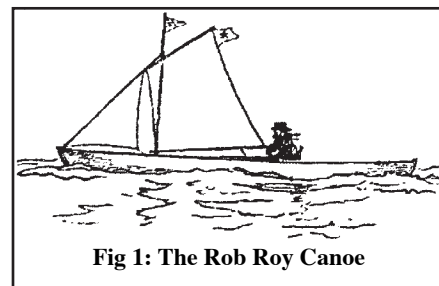


Fig 1: The Rob Roy Canoe

The best known and the most popular of all canoes is the Rob Roy. It is 14 feet long, 26 inches extreme breadth from outside to outside, and 11 inches from deck to keelson, the deck having a camber of one inch. The well-hole, or opening in the deck in which the captain sits, is elliptical in shape, and 32 inches in length by 20 in breadth. The Rob Roy is precisely alike at bow and stern and has no sheer. She has five planks on each side and her midship section is very nearly a semi-circle. She has no rudder, being steered with the paddle on the lee side, and has one mast, stepped about three feet six inches from the stem. Her keel is one inch in depth.

As in all canoes, the captain sits on the floorboards, facing the bow, supported by a

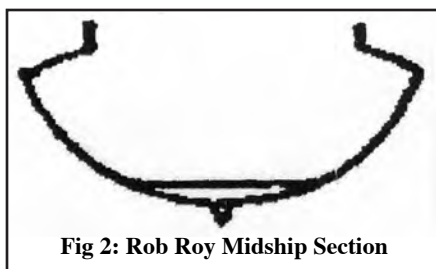


Fig 2: Rob Roy Midship Section

backboard, and swinging a double-bladed paddle. In order that he may use his paddle with the greatest efficacy, he must sit a little aft of midships, and the widest part of the canoe should therefore be six inches abaft of the true midship section. Watertight compartments at each end, which render sinking impossible, are now considered as essential part of every canoe.

The merits of the Rob Roy are her shallow draught of water, in which she nearly approaches the Herald model, and the ease with which she is paddled, especially against a headwind, she having no sheer to catch the wind.

Her defects are many: Her semicircular midship section gives her but little "bearings" and renders her inferior to all other canoes in stiffness. Her lack of sheer makes her prone to run her bow under when scudding under sail and sometimes ensures her swamping, even when managed with the paddle alone. Her little sail is of scarcely any use unless the wind is very nearly aft. In fact, the Rob Roy is not intended for bay or broad river navigation and is built especially for narrow and shallow streams where sailing is impracticable.

But the Rob Roy's worst fault as a cruising canoe is the limited character of her sleeping accommodations. The captain, after worming himself into the cabin, must sleep with his head and part of his chest under the deck. As an inevitable consequence, he dreams that he is buried alive in a cheap and ill-fitting coffin, and when he awakes he invariably contuses his nose against the deck carlines. During the cruising season the owner of a Rob Roy may always be identified by his nose. A peculiar abrasion, known among anatomists as "Macgregor's Hine" diversifies the ridge of the nose, while in point of redness and swelling that organ compares favourably with the noses of our most eminent drunkards.

Now a canoe in which one cannot sleep comfortably is unfit for cruising. Of course, one might carry a tent in a Rob Roy and sleep onshore, but the weight of the tent and the trouble of pitching it interfere greatly with the canoeist's comfort. Moreover, the canoeist who does not sleep in his canoe is guilty of heresy and deserves the lasting scorn of all orthodox paddlers.

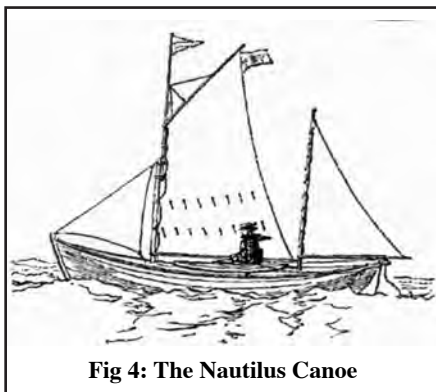


Fig 4: The Nautilus Canoe

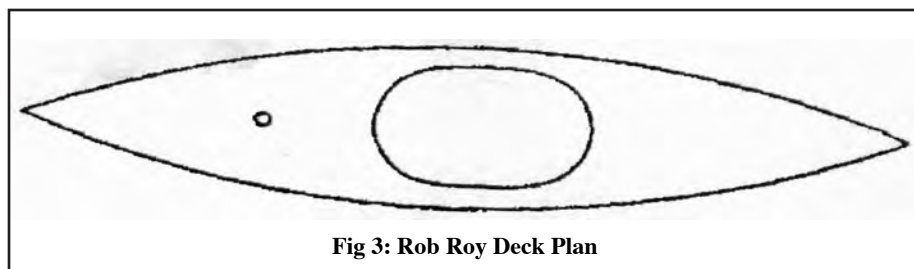


Fig 3: Rob Roy Deck Plan

The Nautilus canoe was designed by Mr Baden-Powell, a prominent English canoeist, and is, in many respects, an improvement upon the model of the Rob Roy. A 14' Nautilus is 28 inches wide and 11 inches in depth from deck to keelson amidships. The top of the stempost and the top of the sternpost are respectively one foot 11 inches and one foot seven inches above the keel. This enormous sheer is probably a reminiscence of the Greenland kayak, of which the Nautilus is the lineal descendant.

The cockpit of the Nautilus is octagonal in shape and is five feet long and 20 inches wide at its widest part. Fig 5 shows the shape of the cockpit, each end of which is covered by a movable hatch. Just where the captain sits is a bulkhead (as in Fig 11), to which the backboard is attached. The after hatch reaches to this bulkhead and gives access to the part of the canoe in which most of the baggage is carried. The bulkhead is a movable one and is pulled out at night, thus giving abundant sleeping room. The Nautilus has a straight sternpost, inclined at an angle with the keel, and is steered from within by a rudder. She carries two masts, and spreads about 60 square feet of canvas, including the jib. Her midship section shows that she has more bearings than the Rob Roy and is hence stiffer.

The list of the merits of the Nautilus reflects credit upon her designer. She is an excellent sea boat under sail and, when close-hauled, is comfortable and dry. Her great sheer renders it impossible to drive her bow under, and so long as the paddler has strength to keep her head to the sea, she will live in any weather. Under sail alone she is, of course, much faster than the Rob Roy and there is no sailing canoe that is her superior for bay and broad river sailing.

Then the Nautilus affords her captain a comfortable stateroom at night. By withdrawing the sliding bulkhead and removing the after hatch, he can find room to sleep without thrusting his head under the deck. In case of rain, he can lash the paddle from one mast to the other, and by throwing a waterproof blanket over this extemporized ridge pole can secure complete shelter, and, in case he is cruising in company with a Rob Roy, can cheer himself with the thought that the captain of the latter must choose between soaking and suffocation, those being the only alternatives open to him.

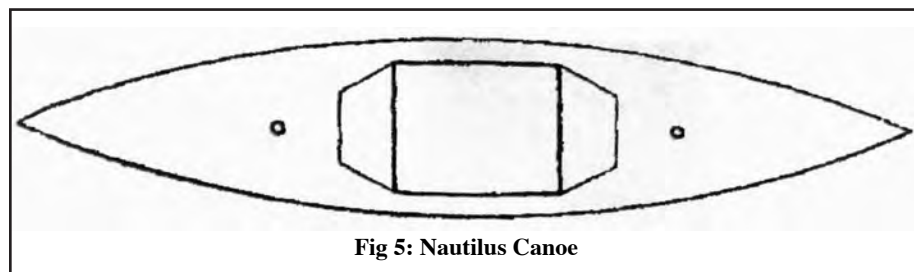


Fig 5: Nautilus Canoe

For sailing purposes there is no doubt that the Nautilus is an admirable canoe. Of course, like all other canoes, she will swamp if placed broadside to the sea, but no one wants to place her in that situation. She paddles easily and her keel and straight stern post prevent her from "wobbling" at each paddle stroke. If the canoeist could always be sure of plenty of water and fair winds, the Nautilus would be, perhaps, the best canoe he could select; but, as every experienced cruiser knows, a narrow stream with frequent rapids and a wooded shore to temper the rays of the sun afford the perfection of canoeing, and for such work the Nautilus is not so well adapted as are some other canoes.

Her chief fault is her tremendous sheer, which renders it nearly impossible to paddle her against a strong headwind. Her designer gave her this sheer so that, in case of capsizing under sail, she would right herself on being relieved of the weight of her masts. All that is necessary, however, is that a capsized canoe should be able to be righted by a slight effort on the part of her captain, and the excessive sheer of the Nautilus is practically useless so far as the end which the designer had in view is concerned.

While her great spread of canvas gives her speed under sail, the Nautilus is able to bear this canvas only when furnished with about 40 pounds of ballast. There is no kind of cargo which is so unsatisfactory as ballast, and this is especially true of a canoe which must be emptied whenever a portage is made. The ballast, usually a sandbag, must be lashed to the bottom of the canoe or else, in case of a capsize, it rolls from side to side and makes it impossible to right her.

The captain of a Nautilus who recently capsized with his ballast unleashed asserts that every time he touched his canoe

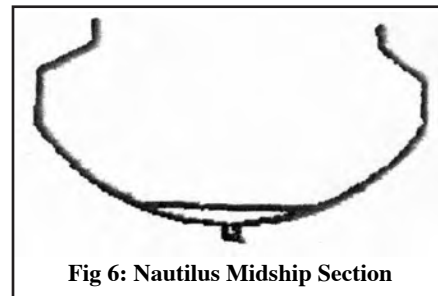


Fig 6: Nautilus Midship Section

she performed a complete circuit at the rate of at least 25 revolutions per minute and exhibited so much malignity in striving to lasso him with flying ropes that he abandoned her in terror and swam for the shore. Per contra, another Nautilus, with her ballast lashed, righted herself after having pitched her captain overboard on the Delaware River and sailed away so rapidly that it was impossible for him to overtake her. As it is an inconvenient operation to lash the ballast, it is usually neglected when cruising in a region where portages are frequent, and in the canoeist is thus sure to find himself in serious difficulties if he capsizes.

Though the straight sternpost keeps the canoe straight when under paddle, it is a disadvantage when it is desired to turn her quickly. The captain has to back water on one side and to paddle on the other with patience and determination before he can succeed in turning her. Then the Nautilus draws more water than any of the three other types of canoes with which we are just now concerned. The octagonal shape of her cockpit weakens the deck, and as the combing which encircles the cockpit must necessarily be made in several pieces, it is of no value in binding the deck together, whereas the elliptical combing, made of a single piece, such as is found in the Shadow and the Rob Roy, adds vastly to their strength. To sum up, the Nautilus is a better sailing canoe than the Rob Roy, and a poorer paddling canoe, and is suited for bays and harbours rather than narrow and shallow streams.

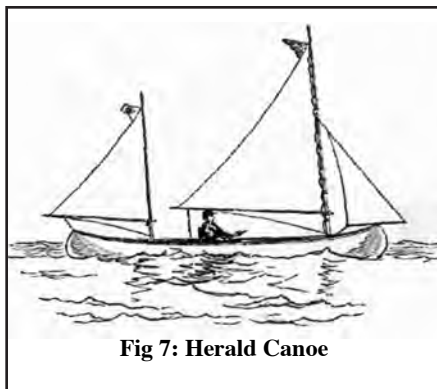


Fig 7: Herald Canoe

The Herald canoe owes its name to the maker, a boat builder whose shop is at Rice Lake, Province of Ontario. While the Nautilus follows remotely the Greenland mould, the Herald canoe is an improved "birch." She is built without keel or timbers and her hull consists of two thicknesses of plank steamed and bent around a mould and riveted together. She is smooth on the outside instead of being clinker-built, as are all other canoes, and is immensely strong. Her model is almost identical with that of the "birch." Each end is precisely alike; she is without a deck or watertight compartments and her sides are kept in position by three heavy thwarts. She is

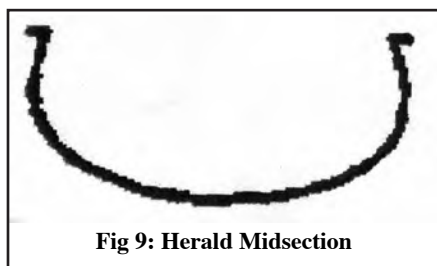


Fig 9: Herald Midsection

nearly flat-bottomed amidships and her sides rise suddenly. She is stiffer than a "Nautilus" up to a certain point, to quote Mr Brooke, but when a Herald canoe does decide to capsize, the rapidity with which the operation is performed is simply dazzling. She is steered from within by a paddle, carries two masts, and requires no ballast.

Conspicuous among the merits of the Herald is an astonishing speed under sail. Lying on the surface of the water, she skims over instead of through it; and when a Herald and a Nautilus cruise in company, the captain of the latter daily blackens his soul with ingeniously concocted but utterly baseless explanations of his conduct in constantly remaining a mile or two behind the fleet Herald. The slight draught of the Herald is also an advantage in shallow water, and as she has no keel she can be quickly turned with the paddle. Then the Herald has a much greater carrying capacity than any of her competitors and never wets her cargo by leakage. It cannot be denied that these are admirable qualities in a canoe, and that in a measure they justify the praises of those who, being possessed of Heralds, strive to convince themselves and others that they are happy.

The faults of this type of canoe are, however, as prominent as her merits, and seriously impair her efficiency as a cruiser. Having no deck, the Herald is extremely uncomfortable in rainy weather. A smart shower wets her cargo thoroughly, and in case of a capsize it spills everything overboard. The same want of deck, combined within a somewhat too full bow, renders her a bad sea boat in a head sea, the spray constantly dashing over her. If she fills, from whatever cause, she quietly sinks, leaving her captain to save himself by swimming.

The position of her thwarts forbids all idea of sleeping in her with any comfort and a Herald captain always follows the primitive Indian plan of lying on the ground and putting his boat over him like an umbrella. After a rainy night, when he crawls forth wet and stiff and receives the sympathy of his cruising comrade who has slept comfortably in his Nautilus, the wretched Herald captain doubtless feels that what his canoe really needs is to be split into firewood; but with the stoical mendacity bred of canoeing he will stoutly deny that he is wet and affect to pity the man who sleeps in the close confinement of a decked canoe.

In spite of the ease with which the Herald skims over the water, she does not paddle well for the reason that each stroke of the paddle deflects her head from her proper course. This wobbling tendency is due to her lack of keel and it is counteracted by a slight turn of the paddle which, however, is an addition to the fatigue of paddling and a hindrance to the speed of the boat.

There is no canoe which is so useful when owned by another man as the Herald. The astute man who owns a Rob Roy, a Nautilus, or a Shadow always endeavours to cruise in company within a Herald since

the greater stowage capacity of the latter renders it easy to induce her captain to carry all the stores except the coffee and tobacco, both of which suffer damage when water-soaked. With a little flattery the devoted Herald man can be made to take charge of one article after another until his companion entirely relieves his own canoe of all undesirable weight.

It is not wise to openly ask the Herald captain to carry more than his share of cargo; but if the designing Nautilus captain remarks in connection, let us say, with the frying pan, "I shall have to leave this frying pan, the truth is the Nautilus has no room whatever for cargo," my companion, eager to show the superiority of his own canoe, will always offer to carry the frying pan and will assert that he has room for at least a dozen more of the same size. The canoeist should never buy a Herald himself, but should urge his friends to buy Heralds with every argument which he can command. Thus will he cruise in a canoe unburdened save with coffee and tobacco and will enjoy the pleasure of making his comrade happy by complimenting him upon the superior stowage capacity of his canoe.

Finally, the Herald is not a beautiful canoe. Her model is not graceful, her abominable thwarts are an offense in the eyes of a sincere and earnest canoeist, and the enormous quantity of rivets which covers her sides gives her somewhat the look of a woman with an excessively bad complexion. There are, of course, Herald owners who believe their canoes are beautiful, just as there are husbands who believe their wives are improved hours, while all the world knows that they are painfully ugly.

The accompanying sketch of a Herald is drawn by her owner and unquestionably represents her in the most favourable light. Nevertheless, he is doubtless honest in believing that she is beautiful. It should be remarked that there is one subject which no delicate person will mention within the hearing of a Herald owner. It is the subject of rivets. The excessive quantity of rivets which disfigures the canoe is always ignored by her owner, and if they are mentioned by a coarse and ill-bred person, the result is usually inconsistent with the harmony of feeling and integrity of those which should characterize a canoe cruise. Neither is it wise to allude to the fact that the bottoms of lakes and rivers on which Herald canoes are addicted to cruising are gradually becoming covered with a deposit of articles lost overboard from capsized canoes of that particular model. There are some rich places in Lake Champlain which await the future diver, and which owe their richness to the "dumping" of cargoes of well-loaded Heralds.

The comparative merits of these three types of canoes can be most readily shown by a series of figures, than which nothing is more satisfactory and soothing to the scientific mind. Assuming that ten means the highest attainable degree of perfection, we may compare the Rob Roy, the Nautilus, and the Herald as follows:

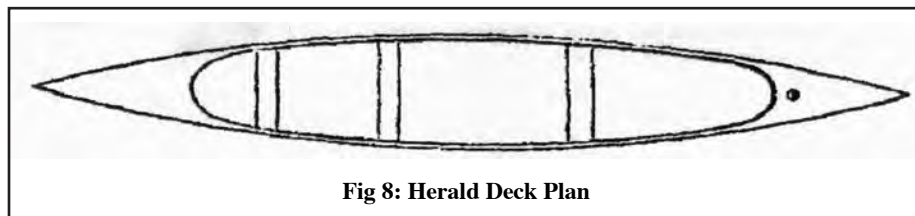


Fig 8: Herald Deck Plan

Characteristic	Rob Roy	Nautilus	Herald
Speed Under Sail	4	7	10
Speed Under Paddle	1	8	8
Stiffness	6	8	9
Lightness of Draught	8	6	10
Security Against Rain	10	10	0
Security Against Sinking	10	10	0
Seaworthiness	8	9	6
Strength	9	9	10
Sleeping Accommodations	4	9	0
Beauty	8	9	7

Speed Under Sail	9
Speed Under Paddle	10
Stiffness	10
Lightness of Draught	9
Security Against Rain	10
Security Against Sinking	10
Seaworthiness	10
Strength	10
Sleeping Accommodations	10
Beauty	10
Safety in Transportation	10

It is thus seen that for general cruising purposes the Nautilus is better than the Rob Roy and vastly superior to the Herald. It is, nevertheless, by no means perfect. The nearest approach to perfection which has yet been made is to be found in the Shadow, a variation of the Nautilus model designed by a member of the New York Canoe Club and built by James Everson of Williamsburg (Brooklyn) which will appear on American waters for the first time during the coming season.

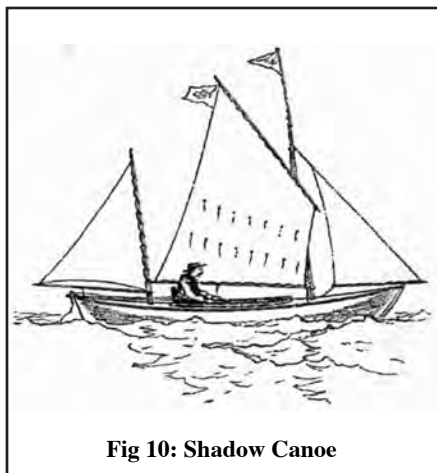


Fig 10: Shadow Canoe

The Shadow is of the same length as the Nautilus and of the same breadth on deck amidships. The upper planks, however, tumblehome to a very marked degree and the canoe is nearly four inches broader at the bottom of the top plank than is the Nautilus at her broadest part. At the same time, her bottom is much flatter and her floor is carried forward and aft at least a foot in each direction further than is the floor of the Nautilus or the Rob Roy. This model gives stiffness, buoyancy, light draught, and abundant room for sleeping. The Shadow is so stiff that she needs no ballast and so buoyant that she rises to her seas much quicker than any of her competitors. She draws little, if any, more water than the Herald and is so broad below the waterline that the average professional fat woman could sleep in her.

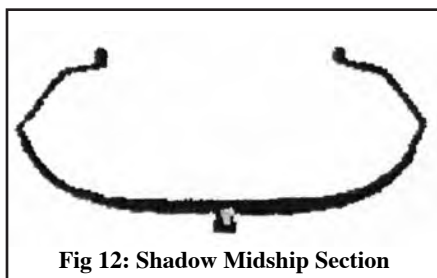


Fig 12: Shadow Midship Section

Next, the excessive sheer of the Nautilus is reduced by one-half. With six inches sheer the Shadow will keep herself perfectly dry and can be paddled against a headwind with comparative ease. Then her watertight compartments, which are twice as large as would be necessary were their only purpose that of preventing the canoe from sinking, are provided with watertight latches so that they can be used for the stowage of such articles as must be kept dry in all contingencies. This gives her almost as much stowage capacity as the Herald and also alleviates the necessity of carrying perishable stores in an India rubber bag. Hitherto the India rubber bag has been a necessary part of every canoeist's outfit and the bane of his existence. From six to 12 times each day it becomes necessary to unlatch and relatch the mouth of that bag, and there is no doubt that if Satan could have enticed Job into cruising with an India rubber bag, his victory over the patient patriarch would have been assured.

Like the Rob Roy, the Shadow has an elliptical cockpit of the same length and breadth as that of the Nautilus. It is, however, provided with extra hatches which, when placed in position and locked, enable her owner to pack her with everything necessary for a cruise and to send her by rail or steamboat to any destination as safely as if she were an ordinary traveling trunk. When cruising, one of these extra hatches is stowed below while the other takes the place of an apron in protecting the captain from the drip of the paddle and from occasional spray.

In point of speed, the Shadow is certainly more than a match for the Herald in a stiff breeze and is probably little if any inferior to her in light winds. In weight, there is nothing to choose between any of the four types of canoes, as any one of them, if not over 14 feet long, will weigh not more than 60 pounds.

If we now represent the merits of the Shadow arithmetically, we shall obtain the following result:

The last item refers to the property, peculiar to the Shadow, of being converted into a temporary trunk or packing case by means of the extra hatches. As to the beauty of the Shadow, there is really no room for any difference of opinion.

It is difficult to see in what way the Shadow can be improved. As a cruising canoe she is nearly perfect. If some material lighter than wood, and equal to it in all other respects, should be discovered, a lighter, and therefore a better, canoe might be built, but within the materials now at our command the Shadow cannot be surpassed.

Within the Shadow the furthest limits of the canoeable, to speak after the manner of the philosophers, can be explored. Her captain can cruise in the sounds and along the coast wherever a Nautilus could venture and has the comfort of knowing that should it become necessary for him to strike his masts and keep his canoe with her head to the wind by means of the paddle, he will not be completely exhausted at the end of the first hour.

He can challenge a Rob Roy to explore with him the wilds of the Maine wilderness, knowing that at night he can sleep in spite of rain amid mosquitoes while his comrade passes the midnight hours in alternately choking under his deck or delivering himself a prey to mosquitoes while he emerges for a temporary supply of air. He can run the rapids of the St Lawrence as easily as the captain of a Herald and if both canoeists capsize, the Shadow will float herself and her cargo and support in addition the weight of the captain of the lost Herald while he clings to her stern. The Shadow is the consummate flower of canoe building and must ultimately supersede all her rivals.

(Readers wishing to learn more about *Paddles Past*, the newsletter of the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association, can view their website at www.hcka.org.uk or email the Editor, Tony Ford at tford@web.de. Tony can be reached by mail at Am Kurpark 4, 37444 St Andreasberg, Germany.)

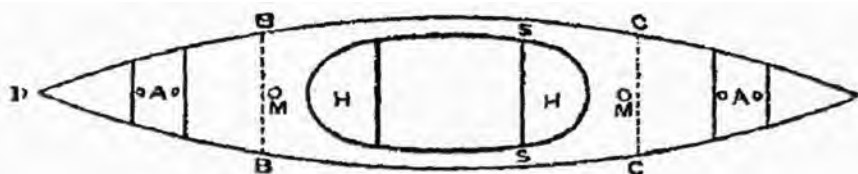


Fig 11: Shadow Deck Plan

BB, CC: Watertight bulkheads AA: Watertight hatches E: Stern
SS: Sliding bulkhead HH: Hatches
MM: Mast holes D: Bow

Hilary Russell first caught my attention at the WoodenBoat Show a couple of years ago where he displayed a lightweight canoe framed with willow twigs covered with heat shrunk fabric, an unlikely melding of old and new boat building techniques. Upon investigation, I found that he had helped teenagers and adults build more than 100 canoes, kayaks, coracles, umiaks, and pulling boats at his Berkshire Boatbuilding School in Sheffield, Massachusetts. He had perfected the use of tough nylon skins shrunk over white cedar and spruce frames, skin boat simplicity using a unique mix of traditional and hi-tech materials.

Last fall he turned up right in my backyard (almost) at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, only ten miles from home, close enough to get me off my duff and go have a look at what he does. This unpretentious real world maritime museum is devoted to the history of this small community's past as the site for building thousands of fishing vessels over 200 years for the nearby Gloucester fishing fleet. Hats off to them for entertaining the idea that this man building tiny lightweight boats might attract locals to his workshop. Three signed up.

I visited early in the week-long course to see the early stages of progress and found baskets of sticks taking shape on building molds. While the construction technique resembles that pioneered by Platt Monfort a number of years ago ("Geodesic"), Hilary does not tie his craft together with strands of Kevlar; the stringers are tied and glued to frames and then the whole structure is covered with heat-shrink nylon. Clamping and gluing were well underway on my first visit.

Would the three novice builders really have finished boats to take home at week's end? Another visit was required and lo, here they were on the last day of the five-day course with coverings in place, heat shrinking going on with one while another was being fitted with its gunwales. There would be "homework" to do fitting out the interiors to suit their builders' desires, but the hulls were ready for the water.

Hilary's course was a success in the unfamiliar environment and he will be back the last week of July. In the meantime, he has a number of courses scheduled at his shop and elsewhere. A visit to his website is worth doing, it's very comprehensive and informative, and inspirational if this sort of lightweight boat appeals to you. Check him out at www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org/.



Berkshire Boatbuilding Comes to Schooner Town

By Bob Hicks

"What's all this?" I could just imagine Arthur D. Story, builder of hundreds of Gloucestermen fishing schooners, asking as he looked down from this large old photo on the wall on what was going on in the cavernous boatshed at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum. Surrounded by the artifacts of ship building on the site from 100 years ago, including huge patterns for the schooner frames, four people were engaged in building tiny little boats from bent sticks and fabric. Hilary Russell was here all the way from his native Berkshires in western Massachusetts to teach three Gloucester natives his innovative techniques.



My Solo Carry Kayak

Designed by Eric Schade and myself, this boat floats the line between a decked canoe and a kayak. In the tradition of the old time double paddle canoes, its 23½"x34" cockpit allows the paddler plenty of knee room while its foot pedals, skinned deck, sewn-in cockpit, and low, upright stern give it the feel of a kayak. Its ash deck plates, brass stembands, ash rubrails, and roomy interior connect the boat to its canoe roots. The two-toned effect, made easy by the rubrail, really sets this kayak off from most skin-on-frames which tend to stick with clear or amber (to imitate animal skin). This is a perfect craft for exploring protected waters, and with a spray skirt the boat does pretty well in a chop. With the wide cockpit, a long paddle is advisable. BBBS sells 8'4" Sawyer Sea Feather paddles built specifically for this boat and for double paddle canoes.

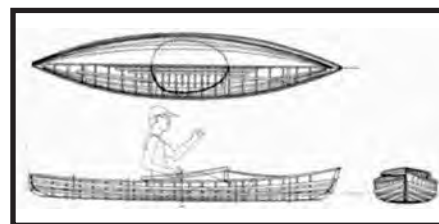
Specs:

LOA : 11-1/2'

Beam : 28"

Depth : 10-1/2"

Plans available through Hilary Russell
hemlockgrange@earthlink.net



From the Willow Garden

I invite anyone interested to look at my willow canoe on my website gallery at www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org. It is essentially what we will be building in the "Green Canoe" course at Yestermorrow June 4-6, except I'll use canvas instead of polyester and a natural fiber for the lashing.

I'm wondering what is the "greenest" way to waterproof canvas? Tar?? Some tar-based product for roofing? Other? In teaching the course, I think I'll omit the waterproofing and let whoever buys the boat satisfy his or her own "green" conscience.

My interest is in developing a boat one can build with one pine board, some scrap hardwood, some willow rods and a skin of some kind. I grow my own willow in my salley (willow) garden.



Bargain Boat

(and Trailer)

By Billy O'Brien

Imagine how boring boating could become if we were able to step off the dock, turn the key, and be "boating." No screw ups? No opportunities for problem solving, nothing to get those creative juices flowing, nothing to adjust, absorb, align, or fix? No skills required, no years of salty learning by doing things the hard way and the wrong way and the back-ass-wards way?

I do start each adventure hoping for smooth sailing, but the truth is smooth sailing is not very memorable or exciting. Relaxing, well yes, I suppose it is relaxing, my dear, so is taking a nap.

So do I set myself up for misadventures intentionally? Why certainly not! I do often tempt fate by carrying too many spare parts and tools, always when there is not even a remote chance of needing them.

This brings us to the scene of this tale, a very nasty fog of blue smoke filling my rear view mirror, panic stop on the New York Thruway. I get to the shoulder, no way further over than the gravel, let's go for the grass. Burning rubber is pouring smoke from the left trailer tire. The tire rubbing hard against the trailer frame, the axle is just a few thin flakes of rust from not being there at all.

Four hours ago when we were back in New Bedford, just about to set off for the 470-mile trip home, the deal was done, the trailer was hooked on and, as I pushed the wiring harness together, I thought I heard or felt a gasp from the boat's former owner. The moment passed, we said our goodbyes, and drove away just as smooth as silk. Once we reached highway speed we noticed the boat's cover was flapping and would surely self-destruct if left to itself.

We pulled into a vacant lot, half expecting trailer problems. I felt the wheel bearings and tires for any sign of heat, but I was happy to find everything OK. We removed and stowed the cover inside the van. Matthew mentioned something about the trailer lights and yes, that would be good to know that they were working properly. No lights, what the hell? Well here's the problem, these lights NEVER worked, they were bolted to the wood cradle and no ground wire was ever connected. We had no extra wire so sacrificed the turn and brake signals for a pair of running lights, not great but maybe good enough.

And it was for a while, but now this trailer is not going to roll again on this homeward bound leg of my "bargain" boat (and trailer) buying expedition. OK, so the trailer is junk, but the boat is still a bargain. Although sitting on the shoulder of the thruway with darkness fast approaching, it could be a total loss by the time I can get back here with another trailer (250 miles each way).

So what have we got to work with? A good minivan with one of my nifty home-made roof racks, it can hold a half ton no problem. Lots of miscellaneous rope, good rope. A small pair of vise grips, a four size ratcheting "GearWrench" (this tool is amazing, just about the handiest wrench I've ever owned) and two Leatherman Wave pocket tools. But far and away the greatest asset we have is my nephew Matthew, young and strong, optimistic to a fault and willing to try anything with unflappable resolve.



I'm thinking we may be able to put the boat (20' of fiberglassed, wooden strip built, rough water tandem rowing skiff) on the roof rack, bottom side down. This leaves a trussed frame canvas cover support along with the trailer as thruway jetsam. Matthew methodically gets to work unbolting the huge wooden bunk which cradles the hull on the trailer. We set the boat off along the shoulder, the truss frame, the wooden bunk, six long oars, the trailer tongue, the main trailer frame, and our camping gear, it all looks to be covering a half acre of thruway shoulder. Are those guys setting up a yard sale right here on the Thruway?

Matthew has the bunk loose from the trailer, we lift it and tie it to the roof rack. The skiff is huge and this is not going to be an easy lift, but darkness is almost here so we grunt and lift the bow of the boat to get it started into the bunk. Then we push the boat all the way up until it's settled into the cradle. It's sitting up there about high enough to

worry about the bridge clearance's between here and home.

We try to put the trailer (disassembled as much as we can) into the van, smoking rubber tire and all, but it just won't fit. The rusty nuts on the spring shackles and the fenders all have to come off or the trailer is staying here. We take turns sawing through the shackles with the Leatherman's metal cutting blade, this saw looks like a toy but it actually cuts through steel well enough to part the spring shackles. Let's try again now with the smaller trailer assemblies and we do manage to fit everything remaining into the van. Boy, I sure hope the smell doesn't stick around, did I mention this is not my van? Well, it's actually my wife's van. I'm sure you can smell the implications.

We came home with a great boat, an awful trailer, and this story to tell to anyone who wondered why in hell would you carry a boat that size on the roof of a minivan.

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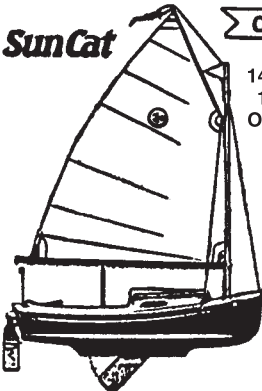
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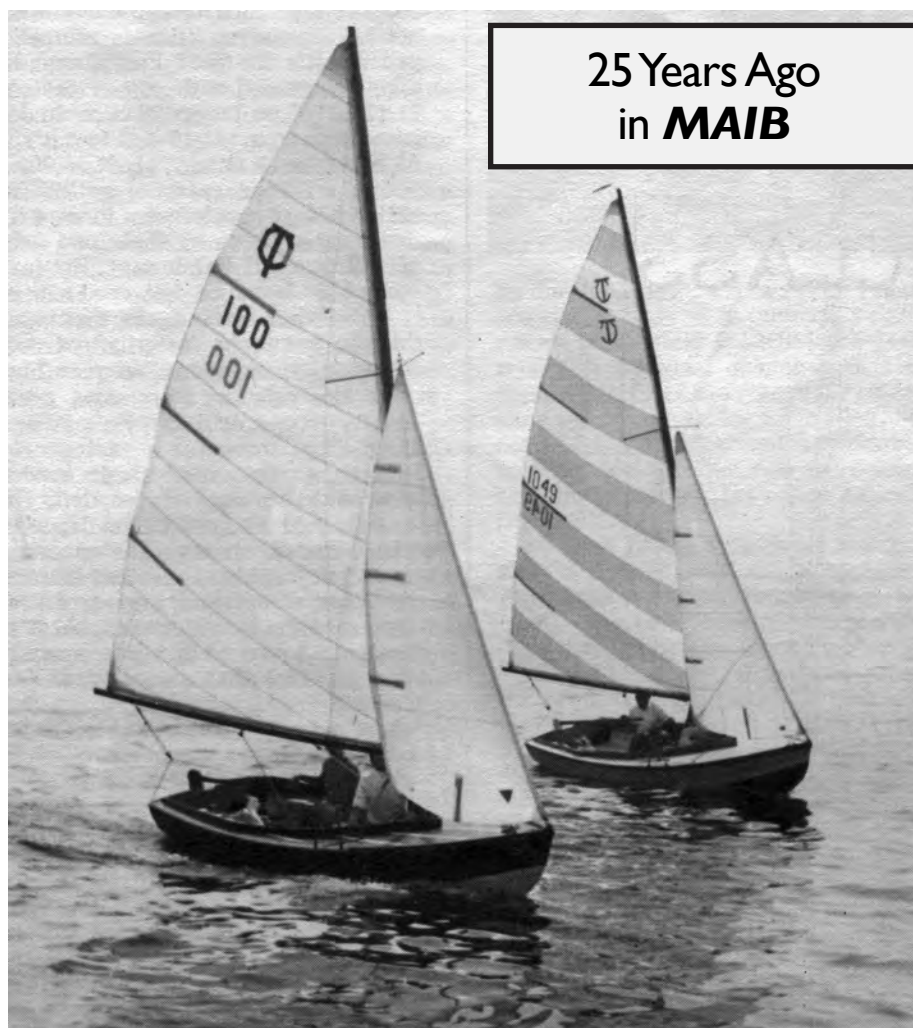


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What is it about the Townie?

Reprinted from *MAIB*, March, 1985



Bill Lane has one of the new ones. "I just had to go back when I saw the Townie being built again at Pert's," Bill explains. He owned and raced a Townie in the heyday of Townie racing in the '60s, later switched to a Lightning when the local scene did. Now Bill keeps his Townie on a mooring in the Merrimack River out front of his home in West Newbury, Massachusetts. "It's a great little boat to just come home to and cruise around in for an hour or two of a summer evening."

Bill Smith owns a brand new 1964 Townie. Well, it looks brand new. Bill has the last of the 2,000 or so wooden Townies built by Pert Lowell, the one that was used as a plug 20 years ago for the fiberglass version. He's kept it perfect and races it summers in the local fleet. It's his second Townie, at that, the first was lost in a '50s hurricane.

"It's a safe boat," Pert Lowell will tell you. At 78 he's still going to work every day in the shop out back of his home on the Parker River in Newbury, Massachusetts, where he makes mast hoops and supervises the building of the new generation of wooden Townies, building being done by son-in-law Ralph Johnson and Ed Hammer, a local amateur builder and restorer who is now living his dream, earning a living building wooden boats. Pert ought to know. His father, Marcus, and Pert designed the Townie in 1932 in response to an inquiry into a safe but spirited daysailer for summer camp sailing programs.

Marcus was the fifth generation of Lowell's in the boat building trade (very distantly related to the widely publicized Lowells of Amesbury, whose 200-year-old shop is no longer in the Lowell family) and most of the boats they had been building since the early 1800s were working craft. So Marcus and Pert, who had lost his machine shop foreman's job in the Great Depression, adapted the lapstrake round sided flat bottomed dory hull into a roomy, stable daysailer. They chose a pretty modern rig, marconi with a tall main, which gave the boat really fast performance (for a craft not designed as a serious racer at the time).

"It's a pretty boat," Arthur O'Neil says. He went from sailing a catamaran to a Townie in his local racing season because he was ready to back off from the high energy gymnastics the cat required and saw a Townie at a mooring nearby. He has a fiberglass model. They were built from 1964 to 1972, about 200 of them. "And the people I meet who race Townies in Marblehead are such nice folks," Arthur goes on. It seems they race hard enough, but without all the really hardnose aggression of the bigger bucks racing, and afterwards it's social time, maybe a cruise around the sound.

The Townie seems to have that indefinable enduring charm of a boat that is, "just right" for its purposes. After it was adopted by summer camps for sailing programs,

Pert and his father were approached by Marblehead yachtsmen who wanted a low-budget, simpler boat to attract the "townspeople" of the town into yacht racing, at that time a very much socialite gentlemen's game. Hence the name. Subsequent to this adoption as a one-design class, the Townie became widely popular, with fleets all the way to Florida and out to the Great Lakes. At its peak in the '50s and '60s there'd be 80 boats on the line in Marblehead.

That's all gone now. In Marblehead a die-hard group of a dozen boats hangs on, in nearby Nahant the fleet is again growing, numbering about 20 now. Most are fiberglass craft, the surviving wooden ones have, for the most part, been fiberglassed to keep them afloat.

But racing isn't the Townie's only function. Tom McGrath's ongoing chronicles of his adventures in his 30-year-old Townie illustrate the cruising and daysailing pleasures to be had. It also illustrates another Townie characteristic. It's a rugged boat, and while it is viewed by almost anyone who sees it as "pretty," it doesn't have all that fussy fancy-work to be kept up.

The Townie is built of pine and oak, with copper and brass fastenings, canvassed decks. It's painted inside and out with brightwork on the trim, the cockpit coamings, toe rails, rubrails, spars, rudder, tiller. The new wooden ones are easy to maintain as a result. The old ones still around (Pert estimates there must be several hundred, including many of the wooden ones) keep on turning out summer after summer all over the east as daysailers.

From 1972 until 1982 no Townies were built. Pert had tried to retire in the late '60s by arranging his business affairs appropriately, but it didn't work out and after 1972, production of the fiberglass models, then in other hands, ceased. For ten years no new Townies were made. In 1982 Pert's daughter Joanne, who had grown up in the boats, and her husband Ralph, who wanted to build wooden boats, got together with Pert, now supporting himself long after retirement age with his mast hoop business, to start building the Townie again the traditional way. The building mold and all the piece part patterns were still in hand and Pert still had the exclusive rights to the wooden version. In fact, ALL the 2,000-plus wooden Townies built were built by Pert and his father. NO other builder was ever approved for the boat by its racing association.

Since 1982 Ralph has built eight new Townies, Pert, while not actively doing any of the heavy work, is on hand to direct and assist. Unlike many of the wooden boats being built today, the Townie is not an expensive, "fine furniture" approach. It's the boat Pert always built, albeit upgraded with copper fastenings in place of no longer obtainable decent galvanized iron. At 16½' it's a lot of boat for the money, about \$6,000 gets you a new one ready to go without sails. "Most people seem to want to get their sails made by their own choice of sailmaker," Ralph says. But for another \$500 It can be delivered with sails.

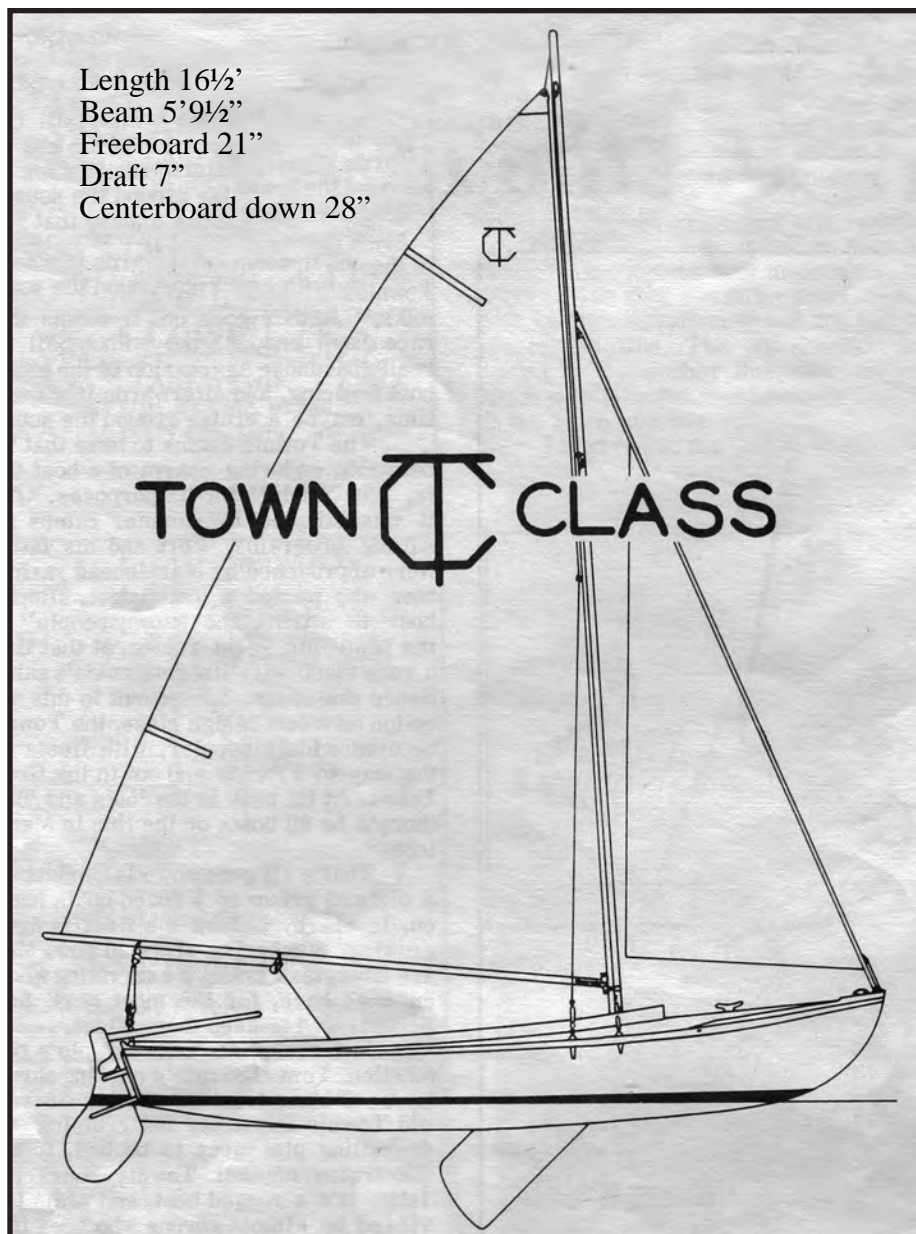
So what is it, again, that has kept this 50-year-old design afloat despite changing times and a ten year hiatus?

It's safe, as Pert says, great for family groups, it'll carry six in comfort daysailing, three for a racing crew. It can be easily sailed single handed, of course. The rig is simplicity

itself, a main and jib, two halyards, a main-sheet and jibsheet. The racers don't care for the heavy weather helm which develops at extreme angles of heel, so they rake the mast forward, but it's that tendency to round up under heavy press that provides that safety edge. Yes, you can capsize it if you strap down the main sheet in gusty weather and try to just sit back and relax. It sails very nicely on all points, certainly not a modern high-performance craft, but not just a pretty but pokey traditional sort of boat. The big cockpit is deep, with high coamings, and you sit with comfortable back support.

The lapstrake wooden hull is not a good trailer boat. It's easy to trailer with that flat dory type bottom, but unless it's kept in the water, the alternating swelling and shrinking if the boat is kept on a trailer, makes for a leaky experience. So those who do trailer a Townie, glass the bottom. Pert frowns on that, of course, but it keeps the leaks away.

Recently Pert Lowell spoke to the small craft club in Salem, Massachusetts, about the Townie and his life in building them. He stood there, 78 years old, hale and hearty, and spoke with obvious pride about how pleased and proud he was to have been able to build this enduring timeless craft for virtually all of his adult life. It must be a bit of *deja vu* for him today to have new Townies going together again in the shop as the next generation of his family undertakes to carry on the building. He was a young man a half century ago when it began, and while the boating recreation has radically changed over those 50 years, the Townie is still here, still the same, still loved by those who have come to know it.



At right a new wooden Townie is being finished off, at right the building mold, simplicity for a boat planked up over four sawn frames, dory style.

2009 has seen lots of interest and design of fuel-efficient motorboats. We at PT Watercraft have taken it a step further by developing a kit for the backyard boat builder, the PT Skiff, in collaboration with Bieker Boats of Seattle.

Bieker Boats is a design firm with a long history of success designing many kinds of boats from modern racing dinghies to America's Cup boats. When they focused their talents on our PT Skiff, the result was a very fuel-efficient center console runabout that is good looking, has good handling, can carry a load, and is very quick with only 20hp.

The hull shape was studied with the most advanced design tools seeking maximum fuel-efficiency while being able to perform well under various speeds, loads, and conditions. The prototype proved to be able to achieve 22 knots lightly loaded and over 16 knots with four people and gear. The hull is fairly narrow, which allows for its uncommon efficiency as well as a more comfortable ride on rough water.

Water ballast is a feature of this boat. The option of extra weight adds stability in the light and relatively narrow boat. Ballast is used when at the dock and can also make the boat ride better in wind and chop. The tank is part of the structure of the boat. It fills and drains automatically. The ballast can be either kept in, or kept out by locking the air vent valve located near the steering wheel.

Other design features make this boat travel comfortably in rough weather; a fine entry to reduce pounding, high freeboard, and lots of flare in the topsides helps to keep it dry. The deep forward cockpit is comfortable and feels secure.

In the development of the PT Skiff as a kit boat for commercial sale, modifications were made and a second prototype built. The original design needed foam flotation in most

Introducing the PT Skiff

By Russell Brown



of the compartments in order to comply with USCG requirements. Most production skiffs are this way, but the thought of having most of the available stowage space filled with foam would have made the boat less attractive to the boater and a temptation to the builder to install less foam than appropriate from a safety standpoint.

As much of the flotation needed is to provide stability in the case of a swamped boat, it made sense to put some of this buoyancy at the outer edges of the boat. Side decks were already a consideration while building the first boat as a way to simplify construction, so the choice was made to redesign the boat with side decks and allow for 3" of foam to be fitted in the space underneath. This foam is hidden by the coaming. This modification gave the boat a much smaller outer spray rail, and added about 15 pounds.

The advantages are: stability if flooded, storage in lockers instead of foam, a more rigid structure, and more security as the boat is less likely to ship water in very rough weather.

The PT Skiff is built from plywood and epoxy, our favorite boat building materials for light weight, longevity, ease of construction, and minimal cost and waste. To build a lightweight boat that is both strong and long lasting, one must understand the materials, which is why the manual that accompanies the kit is as much about the technology as it is about building the boat.

The kit is cut from 12 sheets of LLoyds approved BS 1088 Okoume marine plywood. It is very expensive, but it is widely considered the best product for the purpose. There are 117+ separate pieces from plywood in this boat, but they go together quickly and fit perfectly. Longer pieces are joined with puzzle joints that align them both vertically and horizontally, and all the frames (ten of them) are located with tongues that fit into slots in the hull.

There are many other pieces of wood included in the kit as well. Most of these are gluing cleats (inside corner reinforcement) and all are cut to size and length.

This boat is not simple to build, but the result is very advanced, and anyone having hand tool skills can build one if they carefully read the manual. The manual for the PT Skiff is a very detailed, a step-by-step photo and text manual with additional portions describing various techniques, and is as thorough as the design and kit are. To produce the manual, the completed boat shown in the photos was built and tested. With the modifications that have been made, it was necessary to build a second boat in order to complete the manual with all its detail.

These construction photos and images are of the skiff currently being offered by PT Watercraft, located in Port Townsend, Washington. There are performance videos and a blog with more photos on the website at <http://ptwatercraft.com>.

PT Watercraft LLC, PO Box 1875, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360)385-2645



Two New Boats from Rainbow Marine

By Tim Barney

Our Rainbow 12YT Tender



With a primary goal of safety our Rainbow 12YT was designed to meet or exceed all USCG requirements. Use of vinylester resin, bi-axial fiberglass, and foam core yields a light, strong hull. The 22" deep cockpit keeps the kids from falling overboard when an unexpected wake is encountered. A storage area in front of the fuel tank keeps the anchor line out from underfoot. All load-bearing fittings, such as cleats and lifting eyes, are through-bolted with backing plates rather than simply screwed into the fiberglass.



We also designed it to keep passengers and cargo dry. The design of the chines pushes the spray down and away rather than allowing it to come up and be blown back into the boat. Watertight lockers under the two rear seats and under the splashwell keep groceries and clothing dry. A full width wet locker under the front seat holds iced meat, beverages, crabs, or fish.

We also designed it to be reasonably fast. A 25hp outboard running at about 25mph makes a trip to the neighboring island for dinner or a run to the crab pots a practical excursion.

To top it off, our Rainbow 12 YT has the extras which we believe are necessary in a tender. Center console remote steering, which helps balance the boat when only one person is aboard, is standard. Bilge pump and USCG approved running lights are standard, with all wiring in conduit so it can be replaced if necessary. Also standard is a 4"x4" closed cell foam collar around the outside of the boat engineered to absorb the shock of accidental collisions and eliminate the need for fenders.

The version pictured does not have the collar or center console because the owner felt they would get in his way when fishing.



Our Rainbow 13 Dinghy



The Rainbow 13 design is a good sized dinghy which fits on an 8' cabin top, measuring 13'6" assembled, 7'4" nested, with a 53" beam, weighing approximately 200 pounds. The lines are from the Chamberlain dory, once used by New England fishermen, often through rough surf. It is constructed of bi-axial stitch fiberglass, foam core, and vinylester resin. She is designed and built to last a lifetime.



The Rainbow 13 rows like a dream, sails well with the standard sailing rig, and carries a large load with ease. Dovetailed bulkheads and over-center latches make her easy to assemble in the water, with no tools required.



Contact us for more information at Rainbow Marine, (360) 601-7317, tim@rainbowmarine.biz

DD Designs

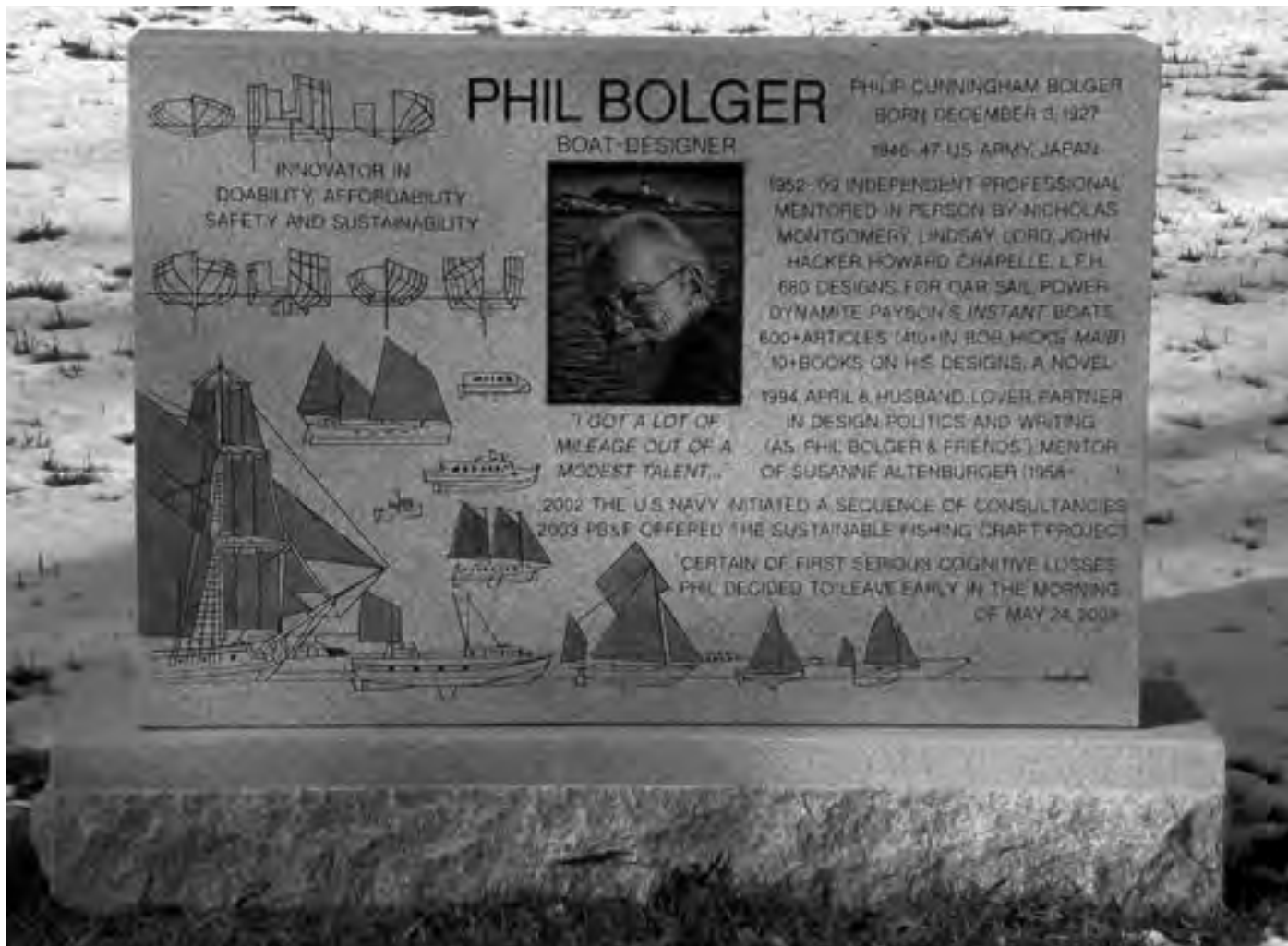
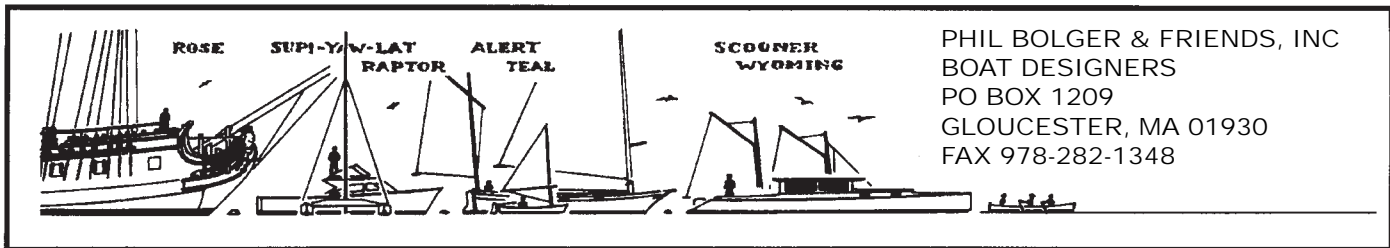
By Dennis Davis

These are designs to economically build plywood craft including kayaks, canoes, and dinghies. Each of the smaller designs is built from just two standard size, 2440mm x 1220mm sheets of plywood, from 3mm to 6mm thick depending upon the design. The construction methods used are compounded (tortured) plywood, which gives a round bilge cross section; or stitch-and-tape, where ply panels are first stitched together using monofilament fishing line; or copper wire, the resulting seams are then sealed with glass-fibre tape impregnated with either epoxy or polyester resin.

The resulting craft is both light and tough. Where much abrasion is anticipated the exterior can be clad with a thin laminate of glass-fibre scrim and resin. No boat building skill, or even woodworking experience is necessary; if you can measure and use a saw and hammer you can build one of these designs from our plans. No jigs or moulds are required, all your work goes into making the actual boat.

After viewing our website at dennisdavisdesigns.weebly.com for prices and details of plans for each of these designs, and others, please email us at ddd designs@Tlycos.com. For AT use @





Phil did not hold with "instructions by dead folks to the living" as to details of disposal of remains, format of commemoration event, or how exactly his existence would be remembered in a local marker, if any.

"Do what you deem will do the most for you, Susanne," he had said over the years. So I did.

There is a Bolger family gravesite at the Roman Catholic Calvary Cemetery on the road to Rockport with just enough space left for an in-ground flush marker. While both of them were agnostic and formally unaffiliated with any church or congregation, Phil's parents' remains were placed there due to certain family dynamics, in the case of his widowed mother some 53 years after her husband's sudden death in '33, and against Phil's wishes to his continuing regret. Neither one of his parents had chosen a life in the shadow of the cross and it seemed inappropriate to him to violate their choices on the one hand, while on the other hand intruding upon sacred catholic grounds with the remains and history of non-believers. I had heard Phil loud and clear.

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Susanne Altenburger on the Design of the Memorial Stone to the Life, Work, and Art of Phil Bolger

Phil had read cover to cover the Bible twice and the Koran once and had, on occasion, referred to the prose of these texts, ruminating once or twice how the Koran might sound in its original language. But beyond the literary and cultural interest though, he would never submit to either text, thus choosing to live free of what he clearly saw as constraints on his life and the course of history. I thus did not have to explore the theological implications of the fact that he had committed suicide, distinctly frowned upon by this church, nor would I have to submit my

design preferences for the stone to the firm and intrusive controls of the Archdiocese of Boston. Finally, I deemed that Phil Bolger needed more than a flush marker, rattled over periodically with a lawnmower, with lichen making the inscription illegible sooner or later, just another name, with dates and little else to reflect the person's life.

He had expressed puzzlement over the notion that people seemed to think that beyond the remains somehow the dead relatives were "there" at the gravesite. He saw the end of life as the end of existence. Only the record of one's life in family, work, and community might persist for some time. Having his Memorial Stone miles from the Bolger site at Calvary would only yield a shrug by him, as there could be no "community" among the dead, only connections by, between, and for the living. Furthermore, other ancestral graves such as the Cunninghams (as in Philip "C." Bolger) are at Oak Grove Cemetery. Again, he was unambiguous about these matters, based on enough deliberation by him to warrant my unqualified respect.

After the shock of this worst loss in my life, this had to get done as soon as I could muster the energy. There had to be one dedicated physical reminder of Phil's life here in his homeport. I had to pursue this design project before anything ugly might happen to me. The project was completed with the stone's permanent placement on September 18, 2009.

I chose a city-owned secular cemetery, with Gloucester imposing no restrictions on the stone design beyond requiring a double grave for the maximum 48" wide base, a 42" wide stone, both to measure at most 36" high. I was thus free to consider using the "face" of the stone as a "canvas" to commemorate, in broad strokes, Phil's life, work, and art. I would have preferred local Cape Ann granite, but it usually is too coarse and mottled in its pinks, grays, browns, etc, to serve well to tell his story in many small-lettered words and his art.

The final choice of suitable stone led me to Vermont, reasonably "regional" enough. The first of four trips to Barre, Vermont, the preeminent quarry site of uniformly fine-grain light-gray granite, educated me on the characteristics, and thus opportunities and limitations, of the material. Hope Cemetery, north of Barre, is the showcase to view the broadest aesthetic range of approaches by generations of artisans working the stone to this purpose.

This Memorial Stone had to be distinctly Phil's. Starting in July I considered various layout options in 1:1 scale, working and staring at it for weeks to develop a sense of how ideas would have to be refined within the given constraints of space and material. This certainly was an emotionally, but also intellectually, demanding process during a time where I'd be "good" for no more than a few hours at most per day. I came to see why many folks won't deal with it for years, or just stick with "off-the-shelf" conventional geometries and graphics.

Interested in the most surface area to outline his life, I decided upon a plain, unpolished, square geometry upon which his art and a broad-strokes narrative of his life would be imposed in great detail and quantity. I thought that the balance of the two might reflect Phil's distinct preference of doing and showing the plain and often just seemingly simple, at times starkly sober, right next to unrestrained indulgence in classic elegance, if not outright beauty, with little concern for cost or other "rationalities." The clean font, easy to cut and read in this small size, contrasts with the "drama" of his art and work, and allows the quantity of letters required to outline his life.

The black polished African granite insert, the only material suitable to etch this life-like image of him, seems to be just enough sudden "extravagance" to round out the image I've come to have of him and his approach to life in these 15 years of shared life and work.

The base features a cut top surface and four edges to match the stone above, but is rough hewn below to withstand damage from decades/centuries of grass cutting and the inevitable staining by ground cover surrounding it.

Eventually, this composition was ready for a "reality check" by the local Mount Pleasant Memorial Company. Theresa and Bruce Lane had offered good supportive counsel since I walked into their business weeks earlier, from sending me to Barre to advising me on the stone's base. Despite it being one of the more unusual designs, they found it perfectly doable. Then we worked together to get the stone cut and placed in about four weeks; more "routine" designs typically take many more weeks. I

hand-delivered the full-scale print of the design to B&B Monumental Engravers in Barre for direct personal feedback about feasibility and thus schedule. In the interest of time, a third trip was necessary to check, correct, and sign off on their actual rendering of the design via the stencils necessary for cutting the letters and graphics into the stone.

On the last trip, this time in the Lane's truck, my mother (just in for the Memorial Event) came along. We met the artist Eddie Epstein who would, over a few hours, hand-etch Phil's image from a photograph of mine on the inserted tile of black polished granite; Epstein had ages ago built two of Phil's designs, the Light Dory and Bobcat, a most fortuitous connection with Phil that no doubt fueled his creativity. That afternoon the stone was crated and loaded on the truck to be taken back to Gloucester by us. Two days later the stone was placed at Dolliver Memorial. The following day the Memorial Event would be held.

Phil's near lifelong letterhead design preferences guided the overall layout of the stone. His boat profiles always point to the right, with the largest design located on the left to leave room for name and address on the right side.

To the left: The body plans are non-scale same-width representative examples of Phil's hull-shaping work ranging from conservative to unprecedented. Top row left to right you see #600 Spur II, #547 AS-29, #505 Robert's Blessing. Second row features #380 Tonweya, #652 Abbondanza, #519 Cartopper, and the 70' Advanced Commercial Fishing Craft concept. The silhouettes below are of extant designs and concept studies shown in 1:100 scale, ranging from the 14'6" Micro Trawler to the 266' LCU-F we did for the US Navy, reflecting the broad range of work over 57 years.

Moving from left to right you'll find the profiles of #225 H.M.S. Rose, #312 Resolution, Phil's personal liveaboard he lived and worked on between '86 and '99, me joining him in '94, #632 Watervan, 40' advanced fishing boat, #584 Micro Trawler, #639 William D. Jochems, 70' advanced fishing boat, #297 Moccasin, #496-2 Birdwatcher II, #422-2 Micro II, #140 Light Dory with #673 LCU-F behind across the bottom. Space-constraints prevented adding further distinctive designs.

On center, Phil's image, with a verbatim quote by him below, typical in its self-deprecation amidst the conceptual wealth of a long and productive life's diverse body of work.

To the right, I used up all the physically available space for some 664 letters and numbers in the smallest cut-able letter-height of about 5/8" to outline a few basics of Phil's life. If possible, more would have been added to convey his parents' and brother's particulars, for instance. Holbrook Robinson, a friend of Phil's of over 30 years, proofread the text and caught a few glitches.

Phil's mentors needed elaborating some: Nicholas Montgomery, designer and builder at his local Montgomery Boatyard taught Phil even as a youngster. Lindsay Lord of Falmouth Foreside, Maine, wrote a seminal powerboat book and Phil apprenticed with him. John Hacker of Detroit, the well-known racing powerboat designer, accepted Phil for further apprenticing. Howard Chapelle, curator of the Smithsonian Watercraft Collection in DC, mentored Phil primarily by correspondence; suggesting, for instance, asymmetries to excite conventional minds. LFH stands for L. Francis Herreshoff, yacht designer of Marblehead, whom Phil talked and worked with in person and correspondence.

Months later now I am not sure about the 600 articles count, reflexively recalling Phil's off-the-cuff guesstimate; it may be a few less than that, but research into the partially lost record since 1948 will yield a firmer number. The "ten books" statement includes manuscripts by him on design I must get into print.

Both Phil's productive relationships with Dynamite Payson and MAIB's Bob Hicks needed to be mentioned. Phil and Dynamite together have helped introduce so many to building their own boats. And Bob had over 20+ years offered the opportunity for Phil to run this uninterrupted sequence of over 412 mostly bi-weekly columns on a broad diversity of his, and later our designs, its consecutive run unprecedented, I believe, in yacht design and boating publication history.

I exercised the prerogative to commemorate myself in the context of our marriage so late and unexpected in Phil's life, as his proposal to me to join him in marriage to life and work together was a most significant expression of his optimistic, generous, and reasonably uninhibited outlook on life even at 66.

And our work for the US Navy and the fishing industry needed mentioning, as an expression of our joint creativity and de facto activism driven by the need to address serious problems put before us during these last years of our life together. Just days before he left, he reconfirmed the need to have taken on these burdens that would at times be too much for both of us; that work continues.

I never entertained the notion to not state unambiguously that he left life as his final act of self-determination.

This was the way I came to see graphically combining the multiple elements that convey Phil's life and essence on the stone's limited surface. With prose and penned drawings, he had touched so many folks near and far around the world. And he had so dramatically enhanced my life. Next to his designs, articles, and books, this Memorial Stone is one absolutely necessary tangible place to see his existence commemorated here in his homeport.

One regret I do have is to not have stated that he was indeed a son of Gloucester, born and bred here, a life-long member of the community, an omission that had never occurred to me as such... "where else would he be from?"

And the few minimal glitches here and there are a result of my tired grieving mind not catching everything before the cutting, plus the fact that I put pressure on the good folks at B&B to finish this challenging project. Finally, granite has certain limitations my design certainly touched on here and there.

The Memorial Stone is located at Dolliver Memorial Cemetery on Walker Street, to the right off Rte 133 in West Gloucester on the way to Essex. In a circular clearing in the woods next to the upper reaches of Farm Creek, taking a counter-clockwise direction around the driveway will bring you to the stone at the four o'clock position on the left. It stands facing east, close to the driveway.

I think Phil would have liked this Memorial Stone, apart from never mind-ing having his belly rubbed some. It should remain standing for good. And it gives me comfort that now you all know it, too.

I continue alternating between the grief over having lost my best friend, my mentor, my love, and gratitude for these 15 years shared with him, his generosity, his eagerness to harness my energies in design and life. I see him in the Dory...

I suppose we've all done it. Well, most of us anyway. You know, get ourselves into something that really didn't seem like a particularly good idea. Something that still didn't seem like a good idea even after getting partway into it. Something that doesn't seem like a good idea even after years have passed. Yeah. We've all done something pretty dumb. Fortunately, at least most of the time things have a way of working out.

Something that I was considering doing today reminded me of a day back in the late '70s. I was living on this almost-new 26'6" Cal 2-27. I bought her used from the first owner who was a bit of an innovator and a pretty good craftsman in the bargain. He had already modified the stock Jensen Marine product into a respectable racer. There was a modest crop of go-fast hardware sprouting from the topsides. He and his wife were professional sailmakers; in addition to crafting most of the sail plan, they had made the cushions and done some of the other cutsie stuff below. But *Elisa-K* still "needed" some creature comforts to be a true liveaboard. Like a legal head, for instance.

For those of us who choose to remember the 1970s, and I tend to think it was a pretty forgettable decade, there is this hangover of colliding interests that became, for a time, rather odd bedfellows. I'm talking about OPEC and the Sierra Club. Wanton consumption/pollution and the nascent environmental movement. Basically, about the time the world (according to Washington, DC) was running out of gasoline, people started worrying about what they were doing to the planet in general. Then, as pretty much now, when folks start worrying about something they start looking for somebody to blame for the worry. There was a ready villain in the Arab nationalization of ARAMCO and all that economic legerdemain. But who could we blame for environmental degradation? Well, little has changed. Blame the rich people. Sure.

How did we determine who were rich people back in the '70s? Well, for one, rich people had boats. Actually, rich people had yachts. But like the eons old argument about the difference between a ship and a boat, the demarcation between boat and yacht got lost quickly in the bureaucratic dust-up over "water quality" in these conterminous 48 states. So, the theory went, rich people were destroying our water quality with pollution from their direct discharge toilets on their boats. If something wasn't done about it immediately, the planet was doomed. So, if you are following me, it was the Arabs who stole all our money and people with floating toilets who are destroying the planet. Not much could be done about the price or future availability of oil without starting another war. (And it's a trifle difficult to fuel up, fly over there, and bomb somebody who ultimately owns the gas station now, isn't it?) But we certainly could DO something about those teeming millions who wantonly pooped within THREE MILES of the beach.

One interesting solution was to require a then novel idea called a "holding tank" on boats so they could transport their offal from the actual scene of their evacuation to something called a "sanitary pump-out station." Granted, very few of these pump-out stations existed then. Virtually all of them that did exist were commercial enterprises where a gas dock or marina would attempt to recoup some of the costs of installation and

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

Not Such a Good Idea

By Dan Rogers

operating by levying a modest charge. Where I lived, in Puget Sound, there weren't actually any of these things in operation. And, I might hasten to add, virtually all municipal sewage systems still used the ocean and its tributaries as the ultimate dumping place for the products of their "treatment" facilities. So even if there was a convenient method of complying with these new and largely unenforceable laws and regulations, the poop pretty much ended up where it would have if we "rich people" with boats were allowed to simply flush the marine thunder mug through the adjoining seacock.

While I wasn't actually what you would call rich, I did want to do what I could to forestall the sludgy demise of Mother Ocean that would certainly ensue if I were to continue pumping the ol' Jabsco. For that matter, I was living in about the same "floor space" normally reserved for a closet in a "ghetto" apartment. Hard to equate being a live-aboard boat owner with high economic status. But since rich people were ruining the planet, and since rich people had boats... Well, perhaps the cause-effect was more obvious back then.

In order to maintain my live-aboard status in the marina I was berthed in at the time, I had to pass a head inspection. I had to prove that my marine toilet wasn't a threat to world survival. Since there really wasn't a place to dump a holding tank most of the places I took my floating home anyway, about the only available solution was to install one of the new on the market macerator/chemical holding tank systems. These things cost the equivalent of a new Volkswagen and took up about as much space. They required the near equivalent of a power substation to operate. And they used formaldehyde to "safely" make poop biodegradable.

So there I was, plunking down the equivalent of year's rent money for a nice apartment for an apparatus that looked like a nuclear reactor, smelled like a mortuary (you know, formaldehyde/embalming fluid), and preempted just about all the available stowage space in my little live-aboard spit kit. But we "rich people" did have our obligations to save the planet. I put boxes and bags of parts next to jugs of "biodegradable" liquid stamped with the skull and cross bones' symbol for POISON in the back of my antique Volvo station wagon and headed to the marina. The guy who sold the contraption assured me that while he was available for technical consultation, I really shouldn't have any trouble putting the whole shebang together. Right.

There was a tank and tangle of nearly inflexible "sanitary" hoses (you know, garden variety industrial vacuum hoses with "marine" stamped on 'em) made out of gleaming white polyvinylchloride. Yeah, another known carcinogen. But we all must sacrifice a little to save the planet from seago-

ing water closet terrorists. There were about 100 yards of wire and a separate controller unit to tell the macerator when to macerate the miscreant fecal matter into more polite-sized chunks. There was a control panel that indicated how full the poop tank was at any given time, how empty the "biodegradable" poison bottles were at the same time, and which treatment cycle the burner unit might be at, hopefully at the proper time.

I didn't own a radio. I couldn't begin to afford radar. Other people had dodgers to keep them dry when out sailing on rainy Puget Sound. You've heard, perhaps, that you can tell a sailor if his best shoes are his deck shoes. You certainly know he's a sailor if the deck shoes he's wearing have bottom paint splattered on 'em. And you can tell a REAL sailor if the deck shoes with bottom paint splattered on 'em that he's wearing are his ONLY shoes. Well, I was one of those kinds of sailor. I didn't have a lot of things. But damn it, I certainly was gonna have one of the finest macerator/CHT systems money could buy. I just had to get the thing installed in the viscera of my little 26'6" darlin'.

The head compartment on a 26'6" sailboat with berths for five, "gourmet" galley, dinette, and inboard auxiliary Atomic-Four gasoline propulsion doesn't leave a lot of extra room for installing a sewage treatment plant. Actually, it doesn't leave a lot of room for an extra box of Kleenex. So the placement of all the appurtenances and appliances took a bit of doing. And ultimately, the control unit had to be put someplace.

In the forward bulkhead of the head compartment there was one of those nautical-looking little teak louvered doors that come complete with the frame. The frame measures a convenient 12"x12" on the outside. The actual hole is more like 10"x10". The hole is further obstructed by a spring metal contrivance that is supposed to hold the door shut when it isn't ripping the flesh off the back of the skipper's hand or snagging the small parcels that may be thrust through that nautical-looking little teak louvered door. Did I mention that this particular door was installed through what was really the fiberglass riser for the V-berth? For those of you who are following this story, you will already know that we are talking about the bottom of the bulkhead under the sink counter and directly adjacent to the commode. A person standing will see basically the top edge of the nautical-looking little teak louvered door. And if he tries he just might be able to actually open the nautical-looking little teak louvered door with his hand IF he isn't real particular where the rest of his body is situated at the time.

This was about the only place left to install the control unit with its pre-measured and grommetted forest of wires and tubes. The same tubes that had to both reach the essential indicator panel and the "working" parts down in the Heart of Darkness. Yep, I decided that I would simply crawl through that nautical-looking little teak louvered door and install the control unit with its forest of pre-measured and grommetted wires and tubes. This is another point where, even after all these years, the project doesn't pass the smell test.

Granted, like most of us, I was way more limber and willing to explore the extremities of endurance some 40 years ago. But even so. First, I tossed the tools I expected to need through the little hole in the berth riser. I added wire connectors, tubing barbs,

nuts, machine screws, wood screws, pliers, wrenches, a knife, and who knows what else. Then the real show got underway.

In order to access the little 10" square hole, I had to sort of stand on my shoulders on the toilet seat. Then, with arms extended and head bent back from my perch on the toilet seat, I started to stick my head into the little 10" square hole in the berth riser at the foot of the commode. With my full weight against my neck vertebrae, then directly resting on the 1/2" wide frame for the nautical-looking little teak louvered door, I had to wriggle one arm into the hole. The second arm followed in true Houdini fashion. But all breathing was held in abeyance until I could somehow get my much smaller than present waist to the opening. Yep.

There I was. Lying on my back across the 1/2" teak fame so amply described hitherto. My head was pressed forcibly against the hull and my new polypropylene and polycarbonate macerator tank with its festoon of hoses and wires. I began to wonder if the sharp pain emanating from the super-spinatus region was the pliers, the screw driver, or perhaps the stripping knife. And then it began to sink in that my legs were crossed and one foot was pinned under the flush handle on the head outside my fiberglass time capsule.

Was I working alone? Of course. Would anybody hear me if I shouted? Nope.

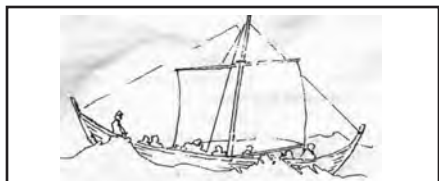
Since I had gone to so much trouble to get into the work space, it seemed at the time more important to get on with the electrical and plumbing installation than to worry about a little quadriplegia. This required turning on my side. Of course, everything below the belt was actually still sort of sticking up in the air through the 10" hole and grotesquely wrapped around the throne. Everything above the belt was actually more or less below the belt and quite stuck in the 10" square hole.

For once in my DIY/handyman existence, I didn't drop anything I couldn't retrieve. I didn't need anything that I didn't bring with me already. And I actually got the damn thing more or less properly wired and plumbed. Now time to get outta there.

As I recall, I first had to figure out which now-numb foot was wrapped around which part of the boat. Then I had to retrace the twists and rolls that got me in there in the first place. Instead of sliding DOWN into the hole, it was necessary to push UP and wriggle UP and, of course, OUT. Part of this is a bit vague in my now senior moment-plagued memory. But after some scraping and bruising and bleeding I did ultimately emerge alive and somewhat well.

I immediately went up to the marina office to schedule my mandatory head inspection. It was with a great deal of pride that I stood ready to recite both coliform count statistics and particulate matter masses to the soon-to-be-awestruck marina management. It was with total astonishment that I received the simple reply, "Oh that? We don't require that any more. The Coast Guard isn't enforcing that stuff any more..."

Some things just don't seem like a good idea. Even after all these years.



Polysyllabic Obnubilate Verbiage

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan, Ed.D.

Sundry years ago I had the questionable pleasure of working under an educational curriculum supervisor who proffered a multitude of polysyllabic phrases less intended to present exemplary wisdom than to obfuscate, confuse, and display his vocabulary de jour. We mere mortals under his jurisdiction would prepare for monthly meetings by mulling through a thesaurus, selecting obscure words, developing them into ludicrous statements, and even meshing the statements into questions for Doctor Dictionary to answer. Oh, how great the joy we had at taxpayers' expense while he chattered aimlessly to incomprehensible questions.

I suffer the same feelings reading various boating magazines and books. Since I barely comprehend the difference between a ketch and a yawl, I sputter to myself when some old salt peppers his/her article with nautical jargon. Patrick O'Brian immediately comes to mind. I had to purchase a book, *Sea of Words*, just to understand what the heck he was blabbering about. Not knowing the difference between a capybara and a carina left me unable to dribble a distich on a daedal.

Those of you who read my ancient article about "Ropes" know that I suffer from a prodigious paucity of sailing language. The first year or two of sailing I kept quiet around boat folks fearing that I would disclose my ignorance. My good friend Mississippi Bob Brown finally explained that asking questions is a good thing because if you don't know a stay from a shroud, you are probably going to end up in trouble. Worse, if you don't know a nautical reefer from a hippie reefer you could end up in jail.

Period of oscillation is not my wife's monthly mood swings nor are knights the football team for Davenport Assumption High School. Or so Bob explained. Shafting is not the talent of inner office or intra office politics (an art form at which I was both experienced and brilliant). Punt evidently is not what you do on fourth down in football, although I did punt a life vest across the lake when my motor came off the transom and stuck upright in the mud. Actually, it was a damn fine punt worthy of the Green Bay Packers or the Detroit Lions.

In my Navy days (during which they shipped me off to the Army for three years) I did learn that a Mustang is a former enlisted man now promoted to the officer ranks. Silly me spent some leave time at Mustang Ranch in Nevada thinking it was an enlisted men's club. Two days later I learned my mistake. Either that makes me one really slow learner or one very wise swabby.

Sweat Boards was an experience I thought I understood from my oral defense of my dissertation and written comprehensive examinations before the graduate boards. Unfortunately, the *Sailor's Illustrated Dictionary* notes differently. The book also notes that a "heeling magnate" is not the little wrist bands that golfers wear to ward off shanks (a golf shank I know, an anchor shank is another story). A Great Coat I also understand, 'tis a great description of the Pea Coat that is about as great as they get in Iowa's winters. But why the hell is a really warm coat called a PEA coat. Doesn't seem very vegetable-like to me.

Now I have a splendid hobby. I select a myriad of nautical, salty, and seafaring words and phrases and I use them on the gang at the Tic Toc Tap, where we attempt to rid our minds of the cold and ice. They all believe I am indeed a true sailor of significant experience, a scholar of high esteem, and a wonderful conversationalist. Although it may be possible that they perceive me a total horse's a--! I care little as long as someone else pays for the round.

Nevertheless, it would be nice if I did know the difference among a jolly boat, a launch, and a cutter. Reading O'Brian, Lambdin, and others of such ilk would be a lot more enjoyable if I knew a snow from brig, a sloop from a xebec, or even a Danforth from a plow. Believe me, I am a rural boy from Iowa, and snow and plow have little to do with water in my vocabulary.

My apple stern is dragging. Oh, to be a bear that I may hibernate until spring when I can rouse myself and set sail, in spite of my lack of nautical lucidness. But for the fun of it, try utilizing some of the following in the next boating conversation:

Brail up, woolding, calipee, peter-boat, to make boards, Judas door, royal pole, pucker string, union gear.

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Seeking both an excellent kayak and an excellent sailboat in the smallest, lightest, most convenient package possible, I've decided to use my Hobie Mirage Sport hull (9.5' long, 29.5" wide) as a testbed and develop a sail rig that can power this narrow hull in a full range of wind conditions without outboard amas. To accomplish that, I'm looking to develop a new rig with a much lowered center of effort on the sail area so the hull will tip less over a range of wind conditions and points of sail.

The Hobie Sport hull has a hole for a mast in roughly the correct position for my experiments. That's fortunate since polyethylene is hard to modify. In addition, the Mirage drive fins mount down through a slot on the centerline of the hull and provide a centerboard action if left in vertical position. Lastly, the Hobie has a hand-operated rudder, which will work well for the sailing mode. After a lot of head scratching, sketching, muttering, and figuring, I roughed out an idea and decided to experiment first by building a simple sailframe to try by itself in the wind.

The sail I've designed is small and rectangular (about 28" wide by 38" high), with the front, top, and bottom of the frame made of 3/4" PVC Schedule 40 pipe, and the rear side made of a piece of flat wood molding. The luff of the sail slides over the front frame tube, and the leech is attached to the wood strip at the back. The top and bottom frame tubes are exposed. The sail is a simple flat

Evolution of the Twinsail Rig

Part 2: First Designs

By Steve Curtiss

piece of 4oz Dacron with three fiberglass battens taped on one side with 2" Dacron Repair Tape. Since the sail has no curved seams or compound curves sewn in, the required foil shape is made instead by the battens, which are tapered in width, so when wind pressure is applied, the sail surface curves more where the battens are more flexible and the sail takes a nice airfoil shape with max camber of about 10-12% at about 40% aft.

I should add a note here that the reason this sail was even possible to make for an amateur seamster is that the holding power of the tape which fastens it all together is nothing less than phenomenal. It's called Adhesive Repair Tape #2353 and is available from Sailrite.com. It's a little pricey, but well worth it, especially for small projects. Once it's put on and pressed down it's tough to get off. Although there's been some colorful language heard in my shop over changing taped areas, it's way simpler and less expensive than sewing.

I've run these experimental sails for two seasons now and, except for a small area at the leech end of the batten pockets where they needed some crude hand-sewn reinforcement and a few small areas where goose exhaust from the lawn area at the lake has made some colorful abstract designs, the sails are still as good as new. The battens are made from 1/16" G-10 fiberglass sheet from the local plastic supply. I sawed out strips that tapered from about 5/8" to 3/4" in width, using trial and error to get the shape. I also found some commercial 3/8" battens (Sailrite.com), which could work as well. Pushing in from both ends provides a rough check on the shape they'll take in the wind.

I mounted a handle on the single sail about where I thought the center of effort would be and took it out in the wind. Holding the sailframe vertical, I watched how far it needed to be tacked around before it began pulling again, which suggested it needed the maximum depth of the sail curve moved a bit forward. I held it horizontally above my head until frame and sail were lifted entirely by the wind. That gave me a rough measurement of how many pounds lift (about 7lb) it was generating for how many square feet (about 7) in how much wind (11-14kts).

After checking this with a couple of charts in a sailing reference I was encouraged, so I modified the frame to include a second sail above the first and extending forward some. The leeward sail needs to be ahead a little so the flow around the leading edge of the windward sail doesn't mess up the flow into the gap between them. The two sails were the same size and construction and I epoxied a second, slightly narrower layer of 1/16" G10 on the leech end of each of the battens to stiffen them up and force the position of maximum draft forward to about 35% aft. The distance between the sails was a little less than half the chord of a sail, which is closer than biplanes had their wings, but similar to spacing on sailboats with main/genoa configurations, and on the foresails of the old clipper ships.

So by now it was looking a lot like a sail rig and had a fair amount of area compacted into a rather small space. I brought the double frame out into the wind on the bay and it took on a pretty good double foil shape, "tacked" through a reasonable angle, and could lift its now double weight easily. In 12-14kts of wind it was actually pulling hard enough to be a little difficult to hold onto. The sails looked pretty stable as they moved through different wind angles.

Well, now I needed a good method of mounting this sail system on my kayak. What to do? Part 3 coming...

Early TwinSail B.



Early TwinSail A.



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Backwater Paddles is launching its patented "hook and teeth" kayak blade design. Predator and Piranha Fishing Hand Paddles and Raptor Kayak Paddles are shocking the paddle sports market. Its revolutionary blade profile has left everyone in awe after their initial introduction to the paddles. Paddle sportsmen and enthusiasts are thrilled by the paddles' extraordinary looks, function and safety features.

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Ed Halm, retired US Naval Survival Instructor and Backwater Paddle Company owner, is capitalizing on one of the fastest growing recreational markets, paddle sports. Kayaking and canoeing, particularly kayak fishing, is exploding into the paddling arena. Kayak and paddle manufacturers are rapidly evolving to develop and introduce new paddle equipment and accessories to satisfy this exploding outdoor sports market. With his vast paddling and military survival experience, Ed identified potential paddling problems and provided distinctive solutions to the paddle sports market in an immeasurable way. Thus, the patented Backwater Paddle design.

The vision of Backwater Paddles is "not to just be another paddle manufacturer, but rather a cultural phenomenon in paddle innovation."

There are no other paddle companies on the market competing with the Backwater Paddles design. There is no sacrificing of hydrodynamics, weight or integral strength with these distinctive paddles. Whether paddling for fun, fitness, or fishing, Backwater Paddles patented designs are unmatched in quality, practicality, and value. These innovative paddle features guarantee a more controlled and secure evolution while paddling in any environment. These revolutionary paddles can be seen at www.backwaterpaddles.com.

Shocking Kayak Paddles

Editor Comments: Occasionally a publicity release arrives here that I feel impelled to share with you. Herewith an example:



After retiring from the Navy, Ed launched Backwater Paddle Company in 2007. Ed is known and respected throughout Central Florida for his comprehensive knowledge of wildlife and paddling. He is a kayak eco-tour guide and avid paddle sportsman. A paddling adventure down the Econlochatchee River in Central Florida forever changed the outlook of the basic kayak blade configuration. For decades, manufacturing materials have been the only significant modifications in paddle blade designs. Plastic to composite materials, from cheap to expensive, paddle blades have all looked and performed the same since the Inuit's first stretched seal skins over wooden frames.

Backwater Paddle Company is manufacturing and marketing the exclusive 7oz Predator and Piranha Kayak Fishing Hand Paddles to kayak anglers and sportsmen. Kayak hand paddles were specifically designed to meet the needs of skinny (shallow) water fishermen and sportsmen desiring stealth in their fishing and sporting endeavors.

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Backwater Paddles introduction of the Predator and Piranha Fishing Hand Paddles to the kayak angler and sportsmen market was again precipitated by function. The demand for fishing hand paddles was born from necessity. See the exclusive fishing hand paddles and action videos at www.backwaterpaddles.com/Stalker.html.

Have you ever tried holding an 8' fishing rod and move your kayak with a 7' paddle simultaneously? It is a very cumbersome proposition from the start. You either have to put down your rod, then paddle, or grow another arm. You cannot selectively hold a rod or camera with one hand and paddle your boat with a standard kayak paddle. Stow that unwieldy kayak paddle and grab a 7oz Predator or Piranha Hand Paddle, effortlessly move your kayak with one hand while continuing to fish, photograph, or hunt without spooking your prey.

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The engine in our 1973 Ford Mustang died in an intersection and smoke came from under the hood. Fortunately I was able to coast off the road and into a safe area to stop the car. A short had developed in the wiring and burnt the wire from the battery to the ignition in two. The car was towed to a repair shop where it was found that the wiring on the back of the alternator had been rubbing against the engine block to the point the insulation was gone and a bare wire shorted against the block.

I am used to checking the points, plugs, and condenser on a gasoline engine. I had just not thought about the wiring in the "hidden places." I have now gone through my boat's wiring system concerning the diesel engine looking for the same type of problem. Once the diesel engine is running, the only electrical part is the fuel pump. But if the pump fails the engine stops. Two of my boats had mechanical fuel pumps. In both cases, I had to add an electrical fuel pump to maintain the "head" at the carburetor at speeds. My current diesel is a straight electrical fuel pump with no mechanical backup.

One of my projects before the end of 2009 was the replacement of the 1985 DC fuse/switch panel with a new one. The old panel had a positive wire for each of the switches which used five of the terminals on the positive terminal strip. The new panel has

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

one positive connection and one negative connection for all the switches. This arrangement freed up four of connection points on the positive terminal strip. The negative connection allows the switches to glow when that switch is turned on. Without the negative connection, the system works but no glowing "On" switch. I am tempted to leave the negative connection un-connected as this would eliminate one more thing to fix down the waterway when the light inside the switch fails.

From time to time, one ends up in a waiting room (dentist, doctor, car repair, etc) where a variety of magazines are available to read. I find the assortment quite interesting and many times skim through a magazine I would not normally read. In some cases, I may find a website of interest or a well-written article. We do not subscribe to *Field and Stream* but I was looking through the February 2009 issue when a series of articles on finding missing hunters and fishermen caught my eye.

Of interest were the "tips" inserted here and there in the series of stories of search and rescue activities. One was the use of a large garbage bag to create a "heat island" if I am cold or wet (or both). The idea is to cut a slot in the sealed end of the bag big enough to stick my head through and then cover my body with the bag. The plastic helps hold in the body heat while providing some protection from the cold air. I had heard of this technique during a cave explorer's presentation on safety underground. Another item was the idea of putting my cell phone or personal locator beacon in a waterproof package and wearing it. It was noted that the cell phone or personal locator beacon will do me little good if it is still in the boat at the bottom of the lake or river and I am in the water (or on shore cold and wet).


I look at more than boating catalogs when I am in search of a piece of equipment. Those who climb rocks (cliffs, mountains, etc) for fun use a variety of gear that is also useful on a boat. I could climb a mast without a winch or anyone on deck if I use the devices perfected for "vertical assents" in climbing. Granted, such is not an easy option physically, but after seeing pictures of people going straight up for 100', it is an idea. And some of the climbing harnesses look more useful, and comfortable, than the ones shown in the boating catalogs.

Also of possible interest are such items as hand-cranked flashlights (been around for a while), those neat multi-tools (my wife gave me a Leatherman WAVE that is quite useful), or from the aircraft catalogs, a flight computer. One side of the flight computer has the rotating circular scales to calculate speed, time, distance covered, and the like. The other side is great for calculating a course to offset the influence of set and drift. While designed for aircraft (minimum speed is 30mph), the addition of a decimal (now 3mph) allows it to be used in the confined space of most small boats. Of course, \$25-30 for an E6-B may restrict desire to purchase one, but mine is over 20 years old and is still going fine. On a final note about non-nautical catalogs, we found my teal oil in a woodworking tool catalog.

As spring starts to approach, the desire to uncover the boat and get it ready for use slowly builds. While we do not get many freezes in North Florida, we do get some where the temperature stays below freezing for a few hours. A friend of mine had his boat stored in the backyard on a trailer. As the days grew warmer, he worked on getting the boat ready for the water. Unfortunately, he refilled the freshwater cooling system without enough antifreeze and we had a "late winter cold snap." His I/O had a busted block when the temperature warmed up enough for the leak to show.

The other side of the story is the person who carefully drained the engine for the winter and forgot to make sure all the drain plugs were tight before refilling the cooling system. All was fine until the system pressurized and water started filling the bilge while the engine heat indicator started toward the red line.

When I stored my Sisu 22 on its trailer in the backyard, I ran an extension cord out and put an enclosed 100-watt work light under the oil pan. Even though the fresh water cooling system had anti-freeze, I would plug in the light when a freeze was predicted. Under the insulated engine box, the light generated enough heat to keep the engine "warm."



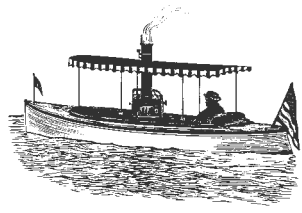
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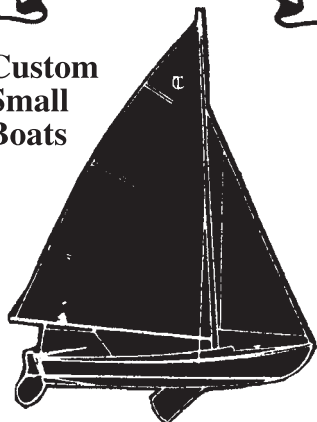
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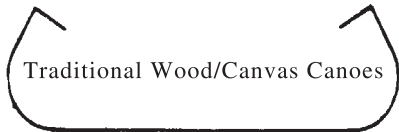
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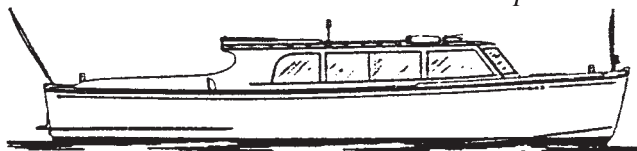


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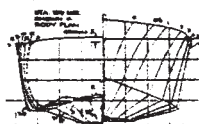
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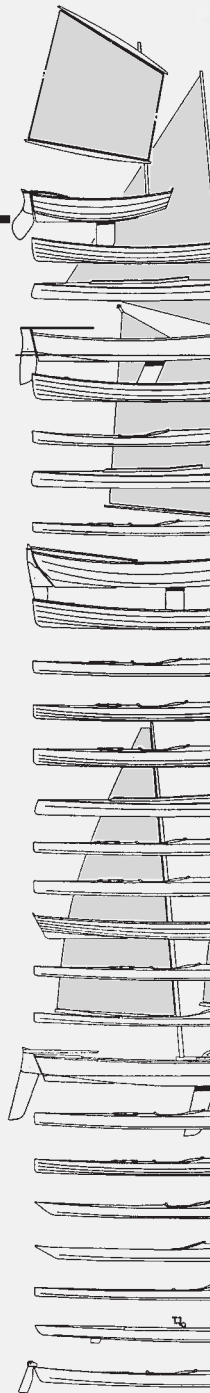
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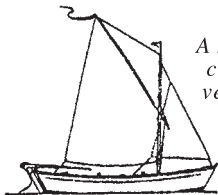
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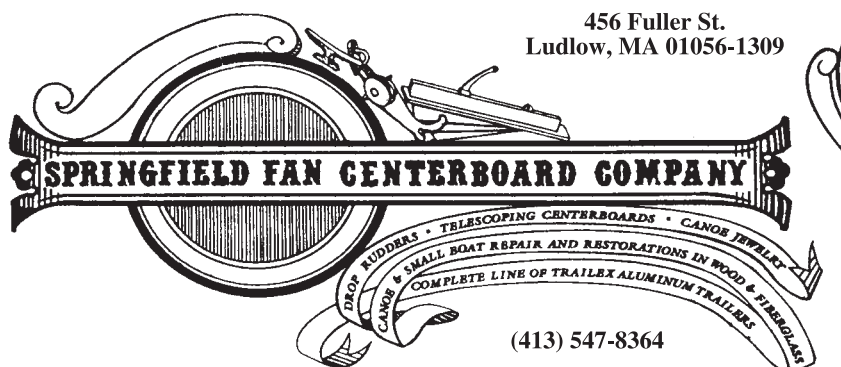
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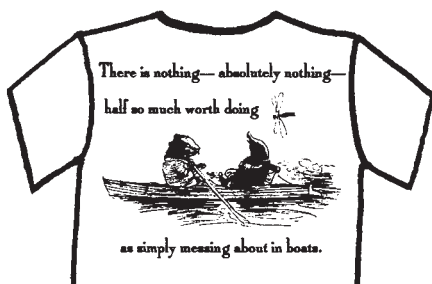
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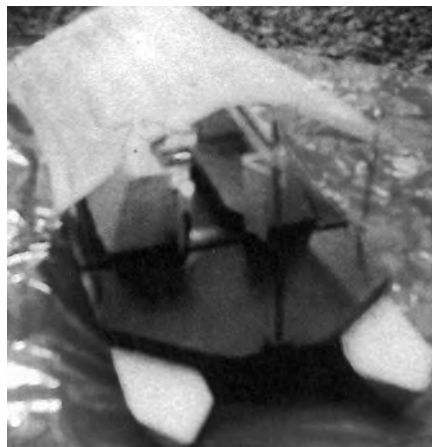
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